TWOPENCE
Vol. LVIII..
1540.

GREAT XMAS PRESENTATION TO EVERY READER—SEE PAGES 5, 6 & 7

JOHN BULL

"Crowned every Christmas"

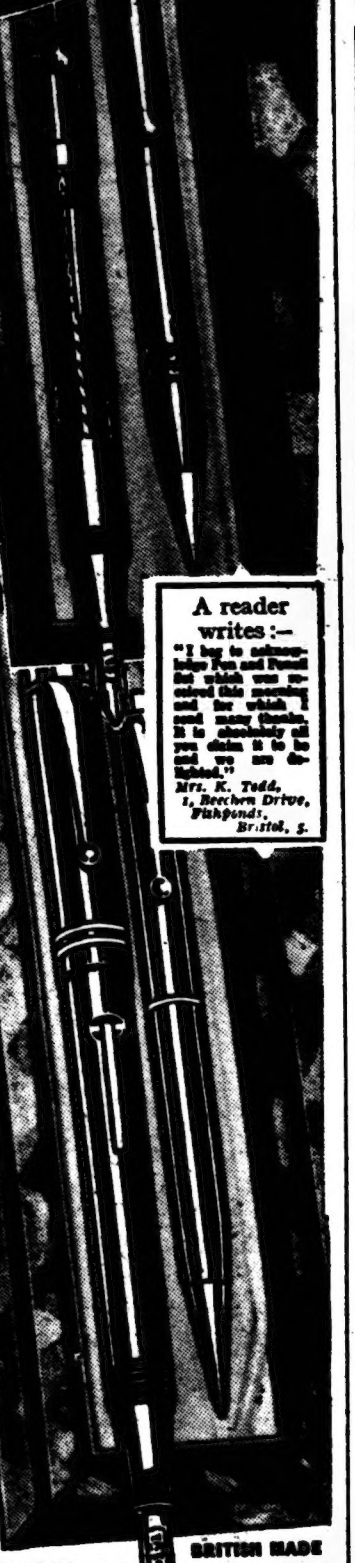
with

BIRD'S CUSTARD

THE FINEST SAUCE FOR HOT PUDDINGS

ONLY 12 MORE DAYS

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to you



Only twelve more days! Your opportunity to cash "John Bull's" Xmas Gift Voucher expires on December 31. Your Gift Vouchers are below—one worth 2/9, the other 7/6.—each will be accepted **as cash** in part payment for "John Bull's" famous writing sets. There is no time to lose. Post your voucher, or vouchers, **now,** together with the Xmas Gift Coupon below.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until December 31, 1935

No. A/51892

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER.

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the black vulcanite Pen, latest lever self-filling device and **14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB,** iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — TAKE UP 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until December 31, 1935

No. B/51892

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER.

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Handsomely finished in glossy black and beautifully streamlined, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. **Two inlaid 18-ct. rolled-gold bands encircle the pen, which is made of an entirely new material of remarkable durability—it is guaranteed unbreakable.** The pen has a sunk lever self-filling device, and the pocket clip to match accentuates the lustrous finish. The extra heavy **14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB** has costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip, rubber and extra leads, and is fitted with propel, repel and expel movement. It also has an 18-ct. rolled gold band. A decorative Golden satin-lined Casket sets off this magnificent Gift.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET.

Arrangements have been made so that all applications received not later than first post Monday, December 23, will be dealt with before Christmas.

A reader writes:—

"I beg to acknowledge Pen and Pencil for which was ordered this morning and for which I send many thanks. It is absolutely all you claim it to be and we are delighted."

Mrs. K. Todd, 1, Beechen Drive, Pinkponds, Bristol, 5.

BRITISH MADE

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull," Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage & Insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 21-12-35.

Three Pounds Ten

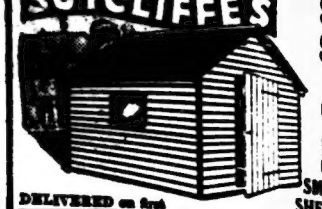
Input one of the many splendid RADIO Bargains shown in my richly coloured Art Catalogue. Largest and best selection. Free Trial. Low, Easy Payment Terms.

Carriage Paid.

Write for FREE LISTS NOW.

WORLD'S MAGNIFICENT **Gns. Thomas** CATALOGUE

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY



DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Frames, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Send carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

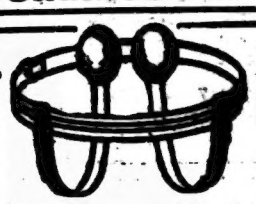
Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 10 0
7ft.	4ft.	6ft.	2 15 0
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	3 15 0
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0

Design S.S. SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Send for Free CATALOGUE, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Coal Bunkers, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

E. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holmfirth Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 80-82, Oxford St., W.1.

10/- SINGLE 15/- DOUBLE



Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 17/6 — Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 26/-

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of 6 strong elastic body-lined fitted with soft impenetrable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliance on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. 837), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

YOURS for 3d DEPOSIT

2 GN VALUE FOR 16/-

Introducing the new Aircraft Cadet Shockproof Watch. A handsome and reliable watch which is going to become a firm favourite. Swiss Lever movement in handsome chrome case with plain silvered dial. Milanese bracelet of stainless chromium-plated woven material. Fully tested for accuracy. 10 years' warrante. Sent for 3d. deposit and 3d. part post (6d. P.O. in all, no stamps) and 1/- fortnightly until 17/6 is paid in all. Cash price 16/-. Ladies' dainty model, same price and terms. Also superior Model Watch, unbreakable glass, cannot be overwound, 22/6 same terms.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. C.C.J.10), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Would YOU like lovely Hair like this?

DE LUXE MODEL IN REAL ART TORTOISESHELL 2/6 POST FREE.

Miss Sadie Joel, whose beautiful hair is shown in the accompanying actual photographs, says that she owes a great deal to the constant use of the wonderful Aircraft Double Wave Comb which gives lovely natural waves to the straightest hair, and eliminates visits to the hairdressers to such an extent that it shows a saving of many pounds in the course of a year. Many of her friends were sceptical at first, but those who took her advice to use it now have hair which is admired by all. So wonderful were the results that words were inadequate to express their appreciation.

AIRCRAFT Double Wave COMB

Why continue to pay regular hairdresser's bills for waving when, for the outlay of 9d. only, you can start right away to obtain a lovely head of hair like Miss Sadie Joel's. No matter whether short or long—simply comb your hair with this marvellous comb to encourage beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, heat, or appliances necessary. No bother or mess. The 48 specially shaped teeth give truly amazing results. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted) to:—

Aircraft Products, Ltd. (Dept. J.F.8), 89, New Oxford St. London, W.C.1

Post 3d. ONLY 9d

BANISH THE TORTURE OF "NERVES"

Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, and similar nervous disorders. Sent free in sealed envelope. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

Genuine Testimonials:

"Such a unique and valuable course is worth its weight in gold."

"It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished—they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature."

"Since taking this course I have never looked back. I could thrill with the sheer joy of living."

HENRY J. RIVERS (DEPT. J.B.18), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

A Christmas BARGAIN

To advertise our Free Catalogue of Xmas Bargains, which includes Real Diamond Engagement Rings in Platinum and 18ct. Gold, 30/- each; Real Silver Necklet set with Clear and Coloured Crystals 1/6 each, we offer this guaranteed reliable Swiss Lever Watch, with seconds hand, in highly polished Chromium Case for 6/9, all post free. C.O.D. orders 6d. extra. Two years written warranty. Ladies' Chromium Watch on Chromium expanding bracelet same price. Cash refunded if not satisfied.

WHITE & CO., Harman Rd. Corner, Erdington, Birmingham

Put it in a THORNS PORTABLE BUILDING

Thousands in use—a necessity in your garden. Made in accurately fitting sections of planed timber, with "Stronges" steel braced corners, ornamental gables, roofing felt. A novice can erect! Delivered on first payment and on easiest approval. Cash on delivery if desired. Note the low prices and deposits. Send to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 46.J.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit	Monthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	32/-	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	38/-	3/6	5/1
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	41/-	4/-	5/6
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	73/6	4/6	6/8
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	80/-	4/6	8/-
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	88/-	4/6	9/10
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	108/-	5/-	9/10

Garages 23/6. Greenhouses 55/-. Beach Huts, Garden Shelters, Bungalows, etc.

Pent Roof Sheds 23/-

CATALOGUE No. 46.J. FREE.

WIDE FREE LORRY DELIVERY or Carr. Paid in England & Wales

J. Thorn & Sons Ltd., Box 46.J., Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

Telephone: Bexleyheath 305.

Make your Wireless Set free from hum, mush and background by fitting the wonderful "Serenada" Inductor. Not only cuts out all interference but improves reception, selectivity and tone 100%. No fixing or tools required. Just connect one terminal to aerial and one to aerial socket in set, and note the difference! No moving parts, requires no attention. Suitable for any set, cost 1/-, worth £100. Testimonials daily. Send for one NOW. Price 1/- only, and 1½d. stamp for postage.

PRICE 1/- Post 1½d.

JOHN BRADLEY RADIO LTD. (DEPT. J.B.), 23, ATLANTIC ROAD, LONDON. S.W.9.

PUTS OUT ALL INTERFERENCE

The MAGIC PIN BOX

for the DRESSING TABLE OFFICE DESK or WORK BASKET

Just press the top and a pin pops up head up—every time. One of the most useful and ingenious inventions of the age. Impossible to spill the pins. Strongly constructed in bakelite. Saves time, temper and fingers. Easily refilled with ordinary pins.

1/6 POST FREE

Goods dispatched by return of post.

J. H. KNIGHT & CO., 122, Holland Park Avenue, LONDON, W.11

2 for 2/9
4 for 5/-

THE NEW MAGIC CASE

The Ex-Press One-hand

CIGARETTE CASE

Just slide a knob and a cigarette pops out. Nothing to open or shut, entirely automatic, but only one cigarette can come out at a time. Simplicity itself, nothing to go wrong and will last a lifetime. Absolutely the finest value ever offered in Bakelite Cigarette Cases.

Post Free. 2'6

Goods dispatched by return of post.

J. H. KNIGHT & CO., 122, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11.

The New EGG BOILER and SERVER

Place the eggs in it, boil them in it, serve them in it. Simple, speedy and safe. Does away with the necessity of fishing awkwardly for eggs with a spoon. No more burnt or scalded fingers. Attractively and strongly made in coloured bakelite, an ornament on any breakfast table. Makes a charming present. Goods despatched by return of post.

J. H. KNIGHT & CO., 122, Holland Park Avenue London, W.11

BABY CLOTHES

30/- BETTER THAN EVER THIS WONDERFUL IMPROVED LAYETTE, BEAUTIFULLY HOME-MADE & READY FOR USE. WORTH 60/-

Orders Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes

25 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS for Winter or Summer Baby. Silk and Wool Shawl, Ends, Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightire, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkin Squares, Coveralls, etc.

FREE XMAS GIFT. To all cash customers sending before Dec. 31st for my 30/- Bargain Layette, I will include FREE OF CHARGE a Dainty Bed Jkt., or a Beautiful Infant's Locknit Frock.

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms

Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 64, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

SEND NO MONEY

Have this Famous Jewelled Capped Keywind Lever Watch on FREE APPROVAL. Timed to a Minute a Month. Nickel Silver Double Hinge Cases, Patent removable Dust Cap.

Fully warranted 15 years

~~£3 3 0~~ Value for 22/-

We will send this Watch upon receipt of your name and address. If satisfactory send 1/6 and balance 1/6 fortnightly until 24/6 is paid. Full cash after approval 22/- only. Jewellery List Free

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 188), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

YOURS FOR 3D DEPOSIT

An opportunity to share in a very special watch bargain. The "Renowned Jadtime" Shock Proof Watch with highly polished Chromium Case. Effective Pearl Full Luminous Dial. Carefully constructed adjusted Lever Movement. Accurately timed. Fitted Gent's Jadtime Spun Mesh Milanese Chromium Bracelet. 10 years' Warranty. Sent on receipt of 3d. deposit and 3d. Postage. Balance 1/6 Fortnightly until 13/9 is paid, or Cash within 7 days 14/9. Lady's size on Bracelet same Price and Terms. Write for Fully Illustrated Jewellery List.

£1.10 VALUE for 14/9

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 93), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

GUARANTEED NEVER TO WEAR OUT!

GENUINE "POLICE" BLUE MELTONS

They won't wear, hole or fray. Frankly we do not guarantee everlasting wear, but we do claim that these heavyweight 'Police' BLUE MELTONS are the world's finest value for working men needing a garment for real hard wear. Guaranteed brand new. Smart, gentlemanly cut, side pockets, strong linings, reinforced taped back seam to prevent splitting. Double set of brace buttons. Perfectly finished and honestly worth a guinea. Send 6/- (nothing more to pay), stating waist and inside leg measurements.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. T.J.7), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

£2-2-0 VALUE FOR 9/6

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine Swiss Jewelled lady's real gold plated expanding bracelet watch—made for Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price we as expert valuers know to be a world-wide achievement ranking us as the British House for Amazing Bargains. 9/6, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW. Immediate Dispatch.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD., Dept. J.B.G.7., 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. One min. Tottenham Ct. Rd. Tube.

SPEND a ½d. —GAIN £2

Simply fill in your name and address on the Coupon below and post it in an unsealed envelope with a ½d. stamp affixed for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—it can mean from £2 up to £5 and more to you. "Worldwide" Clubs are a happy opportunity for you to earn in a few minutes of your spare time each week a good Commission and Profit share, and you also benefit your friends—they buy direct from the Warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly and at Warehouse prices, saving them from 5/- to 10/- in the £.

Don't miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy—add to your income at the friendliest hobby in the world. Easy, pleasant, and profitable—no samples to carry or selling to do—no experience or capital required. POST THE COUPON TO-DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue free—Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crockery, and Household Goods of every description at 1/- weekly and warehouse prices.

★ POST THIS COUPON NOW!

To:—WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, CHARLES STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.

Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address .....
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(J.B.74) .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required).

Associated Warehouses—
J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., of Manchester.
Established 1875. British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.
Directors—
E. C. & W. P. WILLIAMS.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
CHARLES STREET : : MANCHESTER 1

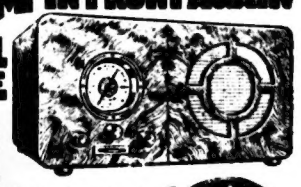
REDUCED TO 1/9 POST 3d. DURING SALE

PIANO-ACCORDION TONE HARMONICA

You'll be thrilled with the gorgeous piano-accordion effects produced by this super Harmonica with its distinctive Harp-shaped amplifying Sound Chamber—twice the tonal quality and volume of ordinary mouth organ. Its harmonious chords and rich, powerful bass and treble notes will give your friends endless pleasure. Surprisingly simple. You easily learn to play popular tunes in one hour. Made by the makers of the world's finest Piano-Accordions. Brass reeds. Highly polished tonal chamber with nickel-plated fittings. Originally 2/9. 14 DAYS' SALE PRICE 1/9, post 3d.

Wm. Penn (Dept. 22), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

I'M IN FRONT AGAIN FOR REAL VALUE



I offer the finest ALL-BRITISH Wireless Sets at Bargain Prices, including Battery and All-Mains Receivers. Any set sent ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID.

Write now for my beautifully Illustrated Art Catalogue.

For Only 3/10s CASH OR EASY TERMS

Ed. O'Brien Ltd. WIRELESS SPECIALISTS, DEPT. 2 COVENTRY.

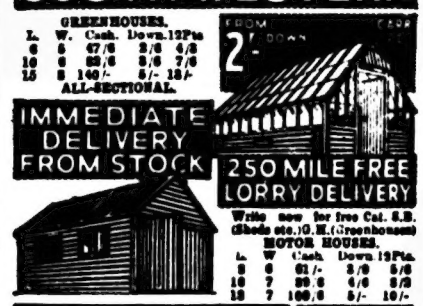
WRITE FOR LISTS NOW

SOUTH WESTERN

GREENHOUSES.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	5	47/6	3/6	6/6
10	6	82/6	5/6	7/6
15	8	140/-	5/-	13/-

ALL-SECTIONAL.



Write now for free Cat. S.B. (Sheds etc.) O.M. (Greenhouses)

MOTOR HOUSES.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
8	6	61/-	3/6	5/6
10	7	89/6	4/6	6/6
13	7	100/6	5/-	10/-

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 L.T.D. Dept. J., Nugent Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

STUPENDOUS FACTORY CLEARANCE PIANO STYLE ACCORDIONS

The most amazing offer ever made to popularise this fine organ-toned instrument. Full scale of piano keys with 8 syncopating bass notes. Producing clear, mellow music as easily as a 20-gn. model. Strong bellows. Well finished. Highly nickel-plated metal parts. Ivory finished piano keys. With leatherette hand and shoulder straps. At a price to advertise our name all over the world. 8/6, Post, etc., 6d. Money back if not satisfied. Immediate Dispatch.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD., (Dept. X.J.B.12), 89, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

COMB HEALTH INTO YOUR HAIR

More than a comb—it lengthens the life of your setting, keeps the hair in a beautiful healthy condition, free from grease and dandruff. Note the 34 circular friction points which invigorate the scalp, producing a wonderfully refreshing feeling which only the "Sootha" Comb can give. Lasts a lifetime. Convenient for handbag. Only 1/6 post free.

Protected under Patents and Designs Act, Reg. No. 792399.

SOOTHA COMBS, LIMITED, 229, INDIA BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL, 2.

FREE TO ALL PURCHASING ONE 1/- PAIR OF PENNS IODINE SOCKS

This Genuine Iodine Locket FREE with each pair.

1/- PAIR POST 2d. 3 PAIRS 2/9 POST 3d.

Recognised as the best and most effective Iodine Sock obtainable. Everyone should wear them as a protection against Winter chills, etc. Also brings speedy relief and real comfort to foot sufferers. Guaranteed unsurpassed for Iodine activity.

WM. PENN (Dept. J.S.), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

DART BOARD

FULL SIZE · WEIGHT 17 LBS

Super Professional Model as used by "crack" players, 36in. circumference, correctly marked in bright colours (Red, Blue, Black), with rounded metal sections and figures. The most popular of indoor games. The more you play it the more you like it. Practise daily and become a "Darts Champ."—the fellow who wins all the big money prizes! No better fun than a game of darts in your own home. Keeps the family at home and saves money on amusements. All you send NOW is 1/- for immediate delivery, post paid. Balance 2/- fortnightly (15/6 in all) or 14/6 cash. State if brass "London" or Feathered Darts required. Note our only address.

INGRAM & CO., 72, Victoria St., London, S.W.1

THAMES UTILITY

More new T.U.B. Features. Send at once for our FREE Catalogue No. 15 of high-class Garages and Garden Sheds. Hundreds of Sizes and Designs. Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

STEEL BRACED CORNERS!

STEEL ROOFS!

ADVERTISED AND HONED JOINTS!

SPECIAL SALE PRICES WEATHERBOARD GARAGES

Lth.	Wdth.	Ht.	Cash	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£5/-/-	£/-	9/2
12	8	8	£/17/6	£/-	10/9
14	8	8	£/17/6	7/-	12/6

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, 7, WEST STREET, ERITH, KENT. (Props: Thames St. am Saw Mills Ltd.) (Estd. 60 years). Phone: Erith 2072-3.

MAKE YOUR SET A RADIOGRAM for 5/- ONLY

No longer need you envy possession of radiograms. You can have one yourself! TO-DAY . . . for only 5/-. This marvellous new Electric Pick-up makes any Receiver into a first-class Radiogram. So simple a child could fit it. Detach your gramophone sound box, clip on Electric Pick-up, connect your set, and enjoy Radiogramophone music the equal of any produced by expensive, factory-built Radiograms. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Money Back without quibble if you are not delighted. Suitable for Mains and Battery operated sets. Send To-day or get one from your local dealer.

COSMOCORD LTD., ENFIELD, MIDDX.

SMART SHOES

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS. These fashionable Shoes represent to-day's finest value in ladies' footwear. Good fitting, stylish and equal in appearance to a half-a-guinea model. Supplied with bar as illustrated, with medium shaped heel, in Black or Brown Glace and Patent; in Court Black or Brown Glace, also in wide fitting with broad heel. Send for this wonderful bargain NOW! State style and size required.

Post 6d.
3 pairs 15/-, post free.
6 pairs 30/-, post free.

A. GIBSON & SON, Foot-wear Specialists, 4, High St., Ryde, I.O.W.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT! WHAT? Making Money selling Drapery Bargains, Silk Stockings, Gents' Socks from 1/11 doz. Pairs. Why not you? Book of hints worth pounds free.—COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER, 4.

CROCKERY, 120 asstd. articles 10/-. Dinner sets free. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & H'ware Catlg. & Guide free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

TOYS, FLASHLAMPS.—Stationery, Hosiery, Smallware, Toilet Goods, etc. Wsale List Free. FOX BROS., 36J., Thomas St., Manchester, 4.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear. Super Keen-cut prices. Free Catalogue (Wholesale only).—Otto Bros., 38, Houndsditch, London.

FREE illustrated catalogue of Watches, Diamond Rings, Necklets, cheapest in the trade.—White, Harman Rd., Erdington, Birmingham.

S.O.S.—Will T. B. write Sister Sall Butterworth Hettie Fecton. Muriel. Urgent and beneficial.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

SOMETHING really new in clubs! The "Sixit" Club is different. At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only, 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. Big commission. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices. Send p.c. NOW for catalogue.—Geo. Day, Ltd. (Dept. 2), 29, Altrincham Street, Manchester, 1.

EARN £5. Four-member "Midget" Clubs. Immediate supplies. Why wait? Big Com. Details free.—TAYLORS (O.P.), Parkhills, BURY.

WHY NOT BECOME A CLUBHOLDER? Spare-time work earns a generous commission and helps your income considerably. No clerical worries, everything simple and straightforward. —Apply at any of Marks and Spencer's Stores.

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MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7), or write for details of training: 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, London; or 283, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 95,000 successful pupils.

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PRINTING (lowest prices). Catalogues, Magazines, Schedules, Stationery, Grocers' & Drapers' Dup. Books, etc. Samps. 2d.—Meads (60), Sandy.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Send for special free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. roll. Bigger, Brighter, Bargain Book, 1936 designs, Post Free.—BRUCE & HALL (Dept. J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments. Masks.— List JB1635 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

TIMBER AT REDUCED PRICES. — Clean, sound, Well-seasoned Deals, Matchings, Floorings, Planed Moulded Weatherboards, etc., suitable for all garden and home constructional work. Also asbestos, glass, roofing felt, ironmongery. Free Catalogue No. 8 from WILSON & NORTH, 159, High Street, LONDON, S.E.9.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

WARRANTED Hand-Made Boots, Hobs, English Bend, Double Soles. Full Fitting, 14/6. Don't pay 21/-.—Daniel, 103, Broad Lane, Tottenham, London.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228 Mile End Road, LONDON.

BABY-CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Homes and Welfare centres. 75-Garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 30/-, or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42s., including best flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

XMAS Shoe Bargain. *John Bull's* "Shop Window" is always full of bargains, but for outstanding value we draw readers' special attention to the offer of Ladies' Shoes by Messrs. A. Gibron and Son, the Footwear Specialists of Ryde, who have now opened a post-order department. (See illustrated advertisement on page 3.)

CHRISTMAS Bargains by post. Have them sent straight to your door direct from the most reliable suppliers—those who advertise in *John Bull's* "Shop Window." Read the offers on pages 2 and 3, then send at once for your Xmas bargain.

FREE Watch Chains for Xmas buyers! This genuine offer is made by Messrs. White & Co. in this week's "Shop Window" on page 2 just to advertise their Catalogue of Xmas Bargains. Don't miss it!

DO you use an ACME Portable Wringer-Mangle? Write for free illustrated booklet 5a describing all models.—Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 16s. per line. A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

FREE: Particulars of the leading British Fretwork outfits are contained in a descriptive booklet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd., Dept. 45, Dereham, Norfolk, for a free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies British Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

WRITE to the London Aluminium Co., Ltd., Dept. A.D., Witton, Birmingham, for special free booklet, "Modern Cooking." A p.c. will do.

A FREE catalogue that will solve your furnishing problems. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 349, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1, and a free catalogue, crammed full of Christmas bargains, which can be obtained on easy payment terms, will come by return.

WOULD YOU LIKE glorious wavy hair? Then read the advice given by Miss Sadie Joel on page 2.

FREE to Cyclists! Don't overlook page 39. LUCAS offer the finest range and the widest choice of Battery Lamps. Write for free illustrated literature and details of the Lucas range to suit YOUR needs.

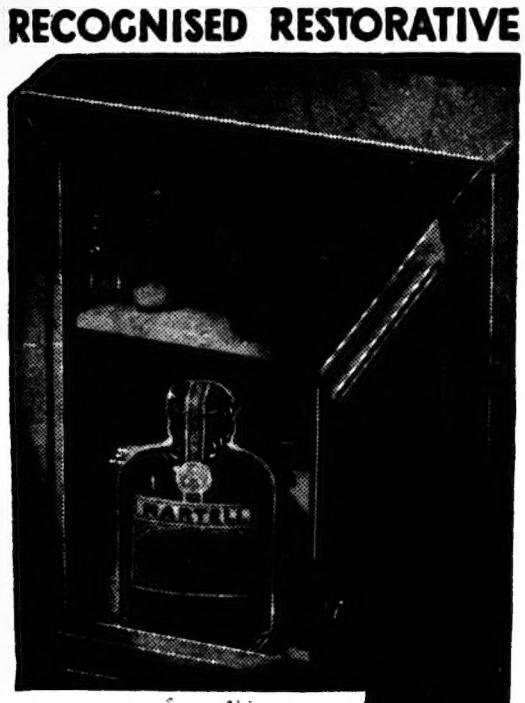
WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

GET A GOOD DANCE BAND for that winter function. Read the Band Bookers' Guide, "Melody Maker." Published every Friday, 3d.

EVERY Wireless Set needs a "Serenada" Inductor, a simple and most inexpensive device which cuts out all inteference and increases tone and selectivity. It's advertised by John Bradley Radio, Ltd., in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," page 3.

BRANDY IS THE RECOGNISED RESTORATIVE

KEEP IT IN YOUR MEDICINE CHEST



In sudden illness or emergency the first thought is . . . brandy. Martell's Brandy is as essentially a part of your medicine chest as a roll of bandage or a bottle of iodine.

You should, therefore, keep a flask, half or quarter bottle in the house. It costs but a shilling or two for the smaller sizes, but it is worth its weight in gold when the need for it is immediate.

Specify Martell and look for the name immediately above the familiar blue and silver label on all sizes.

Obtainable from all licensed houses.

MARTELL

TO give a man a GILLETT is to give him a sensible Christmas gift—something he will readily appreciate. There are GILLETT Shaving Outfits at prices to suit all purses, 2/6 to 35/-. See page 28.

FREE.—Catalogue of full range of SERVICES Watches—Sports, De Luxe, Jubilee Models and Alarm Clocks—will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Services Watch Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), Leicester. SERVICES Watches are famous for their endurance and dependability and are guaranteed for two years! Prices range from 5s. to £5.

THE NEW BERKELEY SUPERLAX EASY CHAIR makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The makers of this chair, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 70-78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue, giving details of this chair and other Berkeley models, which will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to their address.

HANDY HEAT.

NOW that the winter is here, there are numerous occasions when warmth is required in those parts of the house where there are no fireplaces. The bathroom and hall are typical examples, the loft—to prevent pipes freezing—and the greenhouse. There are also times when you do not want the bother of lighting a fire. A British-made Valor Oil Heater will provide this handy heat. It can easily be carried from room to room, enabling you to keep every corner of your home warm and dry all through the damp, chilly days ahead, and will burn for hours without attention if you use Valor Wicks and Royal Daylight Oil. Another useful labour-saving friend for the up-to-date housewife is the Valor Quick-Boiling Stove—for quick boiling, grilling, stewing, frying and toasting it is unequalled.

FREE: Write for the DECCA RADIO Illustrated Catalogue offered in the advert. on page 30. This will bring full particulars of DECCA RADIO RECEIVERS and details of convenient easy payments. Mention *John Bull* when writing!

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ARE you suffering from a cold or influenza? Cephos, the Harley Street Physician's remedy, will give instant relief. Cannot affect the heart. In powders and tablets. Send P.C. for Free Sample to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by Removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34/38, Codnor, Derby.

DO you know your body should contain enough iron to make a "tenpenny" nail (about 2½ in. long)? That is, if you are to be in vigorous health. Statistics show that you are most probably IRON-STARVED. For over 40 years doctors have recommended IRON "JELLOIDS," which enrich the blood with strengthening iron in its pleasantest and most easily assimilable form. Every chemist sells IRON "JELLOIDS." See page 20.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc., send for my free book on a simple home cure.—M. Bates (J.B. 19), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a liberal trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion. It soothes the skin and cures all skin troubles. When writing *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories, 14, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

McCLURE brand "EPHEDRINE" Nasal catarrh specific is eminently successful as a nasal astringent for colds in the head, and nasal catarrh. If your chemist should be out of stock, write to the manufacturers, whose address appears in the advertisement, page 36.

THE finest winter tonic to give your child is SCOTT'S BRAND EMULSION. It contains the finest cod liver oil of guaranteed vitamin content with glycerine and hypophosphites of essential mineral salts. Every drop of oil in SCOTT'S BRAND EMULSION is so finely dispersed that it forms a white digestible cream. Notice that after a spoonful is swallowed, every trace of the drop has gone to strengthen your child's system. At once he begins to build up a resistance to winter illness such as he has never had before. Get SCOTT'S BRAND EMULSION from your chemist to-day and watch the difference it makes to your child. See page 37

CHILDREN'S skin infections can be prevented and remedied by CUTICURA Ointment. Its soothing, antiseptic healing action clears the skin. Samples of CUTICURA Preparations, soap, ointment and talcum will be sent to *John Bull* readers on receipt of 11d. stamps for postage. Address Cuticura (Dept. 73BO), Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

A FREE Offer!—to all who are run down. A generous sample of Angier's Emulsion, the proved tonic which strengthens the nerves, aids digestion, overcomes nervous depression, and builds up health and strength. We want to send all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Angier Chemical Co., Dept. K 21 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Allow 4d. stamps to cover postage, etc.

FREE: Generous sample of WINCARNIS. If you lack appetite, pep and zest, take WINCARNIS a trial. Excellent for run-down men and women who suffer from debility, indigestion and nerves. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 5-R, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, enclosing 4½d. stamps for postage, etc.

ASPRO is a friend in need at this season of the year, for it smashes 'Flu or fever symptoms quickly. Keep a packet of Aspro handy and keep ills and chills away. See page 40.

FREE sample of new nasal treatment. Write immediately, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newbery & Phillips, 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1, for free sample of VICK-VATRONOL NASAL MEDICAMENT. A few drops in your nostril and your cold will disappear before it can develop.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets, 1/11. Cups & Saucers, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Assortments and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, Ltd., Burslem.

PARENTS! Get your child to join the League of OVALTINEYS, which is sponsored by the proprietors of OVALTINE, the well-known food beverage. Thousands of boys and girls in many parts of the country are already enjoying themselves with a new interest in time, for on being admitted to membership of the League, every child receives the Membership book, containing details of secret signals and code, as well as seven golden rules which every member undertakes to observe. The League has been established with the object of promoting health and happiness of children everywhere. Any boy or girl, irrespective of size, is eligible to join. There is no charge for membership. Fill in the coupon on page 13, giving the age of your child, and the official rule book and all necessary information will be sent by return.

A NEW Circular Comb which brings hair health and promotes beautiful waves is one of the novel and useful articles displayed in this week's "Shop Window." Turn to page 3 and look for the illustration of the Spiral Comb. What a most acceptable gift it would make!

DIVIDENDS FROM POULTRY. Every poultry-keeper should read "Feathered World" and learn how to get the biggest return from his birds. Experts tell you what to do and what not to do. Fullest details about Egg Laying Contests: Markets and Shows are covered by "Feathered World"—twopence, every Friday. Send for Free Specimen Copy to Dept. J.B., 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GIVE cool, smooth, even-smoking PICCADILLY CIGARETTES this Christmas. Their outstanding popularity is a guarantee that your gift will be thoroughly acceptable. A fine pocket tin of "60" can be obtained in the new and attractive "Greetings" packing and cost only 2/- at all tobacconists. See page 6.

YOUR Medicine Chest. Always keep a handy flask in your medicine chest. No medicine chest can be called efficient without it. But be sure that it is MARTELL'S BRANDY, the best that money can buy. In sudden illness or emergency MARTELL'S BRANDY is as essentially a part of your medicine chest as other remedies for colds, headache-easers, etc. MARTELL'S BRANDY is the recognised restorative. Look for the name immediately above the blue and silver label on all sizes.

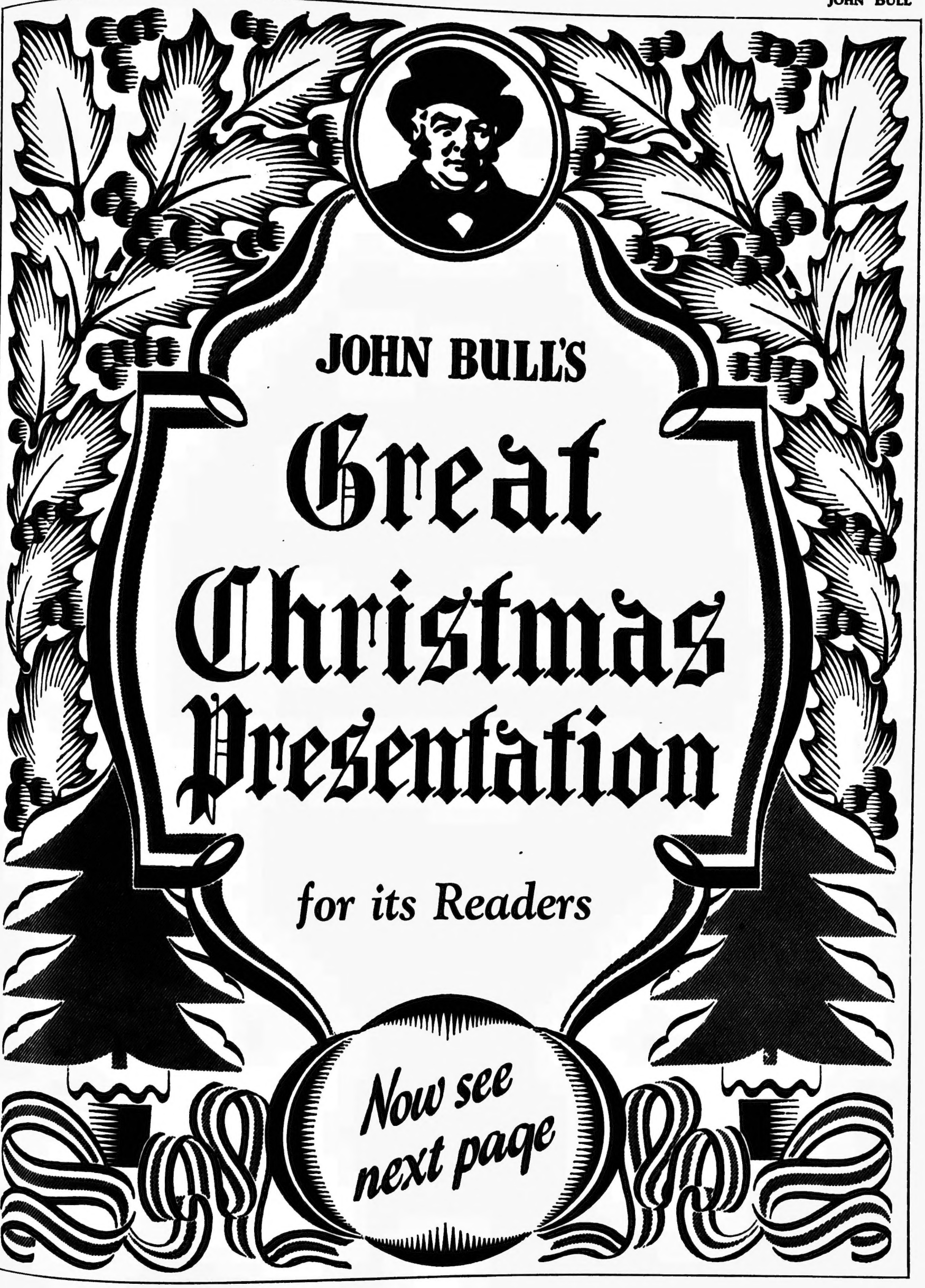
JELLIES always complete the meal, but be sure you always use ROWNTREE'S Table Jellies, the flavour of which is like real eating sun-ripened fruit. They contain fruit juice, ideal for children and grown-ups. They are sold in contrasting colours at 4d. per packet. See page 26.

THE Kellogg Co., manufacturers of famous cereal foods of that name, have announced a price of their product ALL-BRAN of 7½d. per packet. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN can be eaten with cold milk or cream, and, now that it has been reduced in price to 7½d. a packet, should be within the means of every member of the public. See page 8.

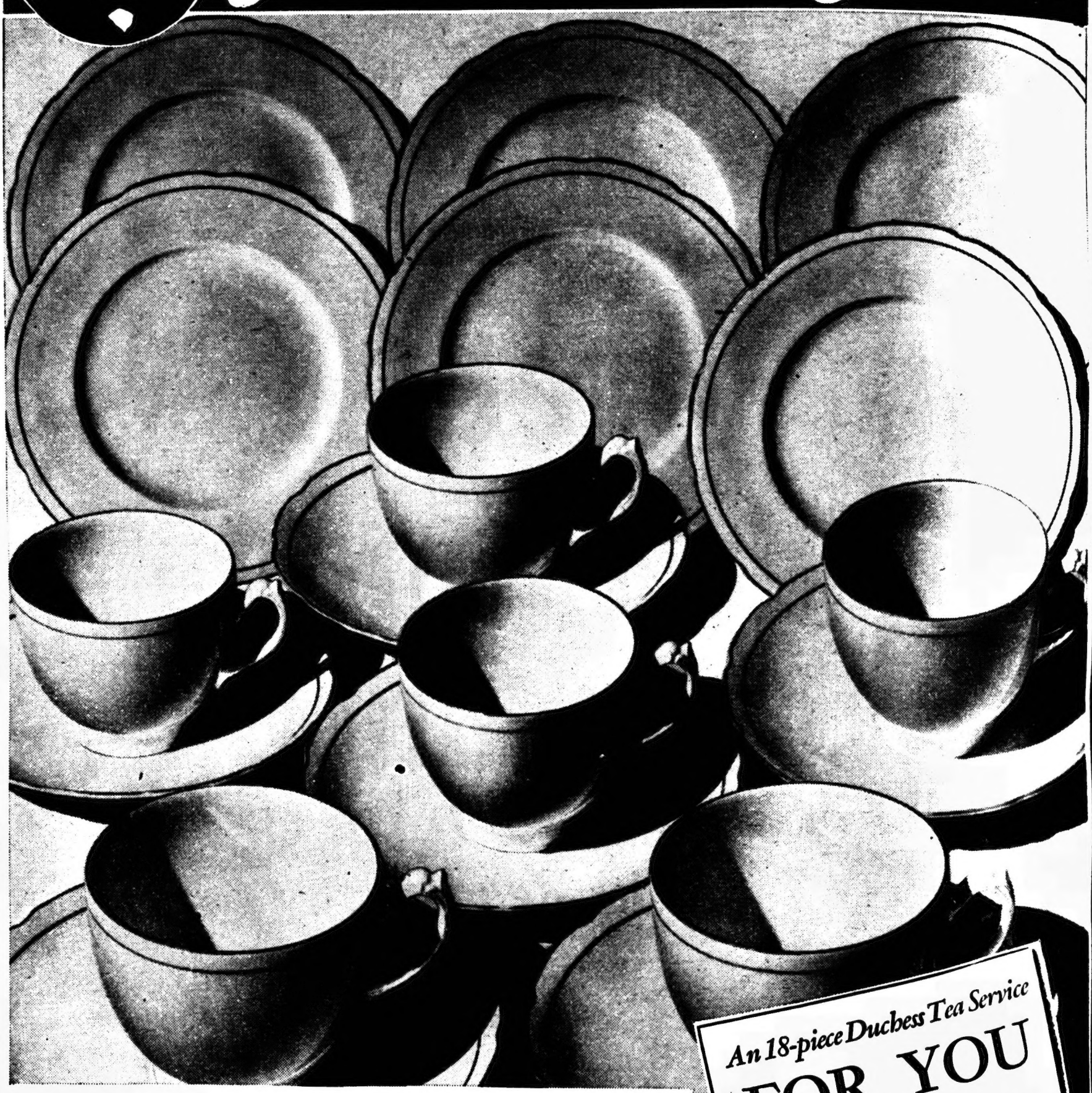
HOUSEWIVES! Have you yet tried Bisto Gravy Powder? You can obtain a free sample if you send the makers a postcard with name and address of your usual Grocer. Write Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd., Dept. J.B., Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

THE N.S.P.C.C. invites your assistance to help in the prevention of unnecessary suffering among defenceless little children—children which all sympathetic hearts should help at this time of good will to others. Send your donation to the Director, N.S.P.C.C., New House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, mentioning *John Bull* when writing.

FREE. Every woman reader can obtain a De Luxe Beauty Outfit containing TOKALON preparations (powder and cream) by sending 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing, postage, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd., Dept. J.B., Bond Road, London, N.W.10.


JOHN BULL'S
Great
Christmas
Presentation
for its Readers
Now see next page

"John Bull's" Great



An 18-piece Duchess Tea Service FOR YOU and An 18-piece Duchess Tea Service FOR YOUR FRIEND

HOW TO QUALIFY It is important that the Directions below should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and by the friend who is introduced.

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull" and if it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

A Presentation will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an official Voucher. Presentation Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label.

Each applicant and friend must complete his or her own Voucher by sending it in together with 16 numbered tokens cut from 16 CURRENT issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this Offer are the "Plain" Series and they appear each week in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Applicants may commence with No. "187" from the back page of this issue and not more than one "Plain" Series token may be cut from any one issue. No Token prior to No. "187" or any other tokens or series of tokens can be accepted in connection with this offer.

When the two Vouchers are completed—that is after the 16 weeks and NOT before — they MUST be sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Presentation Tea Services cannot be awarded if Vouchers are sent in separately. Each completed Voucher—your own and your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 2/6 (two shillings and sixpence), which includes carriage, packing in carton, insurance against breakage in transit, etc., on the Tea Services, which are dispatched to your respective addresses. There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 50,000 applicants.

No person may qualify for more than one Presentation Tea Service and no Service will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Each applicant who is qualifying for this Presentation must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted supply of "John Bull."

Copies must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

Xmas Presentation!

This Beautiful "DUCHESS" TEA SERVICE

An amazing opportunity for every reader

HERE'S thrilling news for every "John Bull" reader. This week, to celebrate a year of unceasing progress, "John Bull" announces a great Christmas Presentation to every one of its readers—one that will delight the entire family. It is a magnificent 18-piece "Duchess" Tea Service—a masterpiece of the potters' art that will give you a thrill of pleasure when the whole set, with its smart lines and handsome finish, is gleaming on your table. This is the only opportunity that will be provided for you to participate in this great Presentation. The Reservation Forms below will not be published next week. Apply at once.

No paper in the world has a more loyal body of readers than "John Bull." Staunchly and eagerly they have helped it to grow to its present position as Britain's greatest family journal—a journal that holds the confidence and friendship of over 1,500,000 families. This great Presentation is "John Bull's" Christmas celebration Presentation to its readers.

As a further concession, and because it is felt that every reader is keen to see "John Bull" grow even greater, "John Bull" offers one of these superb Tea Services, **not only to you but one to your friend as well.**

Here is a Presentation that will be universally popular. This Tea Service—*the set with the silver line*—is something extra special. It is just the kind of Tea Service which the woman who is proud of her home will bring out on special occasions. Every piece of this handsome "Duchess" Tea Service is made by a British Potter—modern—beautifully designed and fashioned in high grade semi-porcelain of a delicate ivory shade. Each piece is rimmed with coral red and is further enhanced by a dainty silver line.

In order to qualify for one of these 18-piece Tea Services, "John Bull" asks you to introduce a friend who is NOT already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for 16 weeks. In return, we will present, **both to you and your friend,** a Presentation 18-piece "Duchess" Tea Service. Here is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you to do a friend a good turn. Your friend will, we think, also thank you for introducing "John Bull" to him.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for 16 weeks, you are each asked to cut out and send 16 tokens from 16 consecutive issues of "John Bull," together with the Presentation Vouchers which will be sent to you on receipt of the Reservation Forms below. You can start with token 187 on the back cover of this issue.

Directly your own and your friend's Presentation Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will have dispatched to you a splendid 18-piece "Duchess" Tea Service and your friend will receive an 18-piece "Duchess" Tea Service as well.

That is all. There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions. The full, simple directions are set out on the opposite page. There is nothing more to do. There is nothing for you or your friend to pay other than 2/6 each, which includes carriage, packing in carton, insurance against breakage in transit, etc., on the Tea Services.

DO THIS NOW! First read the simple "How to qualify" directions on the opposite page. Then take the first step towards securing your Tea Service by getting the Reservation Forms at the foot of this page filled in and posted to-day.

On receipt of these forms, properly completed by you and your friend, together with the Label bearing your own name and full postal address and with a halfpenny stamp affixed to the space provided, "John Bull" will send you two special Gift Vouchers—one marked "For You" and one "For Your Friend." At the same time two 18-piece Tea Sets will be reserved—one in your name and one in the name of your friend.

NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE PRESENTATION TEA SET.

HURRY! This is your only opportunity. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Apply AT ONCE on the forms below. You will be meeting many friends during the next few days—be among the first to take advantage of "John Bull's" stupendous Christmastide opportunity.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

Do not separate these Forms—post them complete in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

Halfpenny Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by YOU

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

J.B.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

JOHN BULL'S "Duchess" Tea Set Presentation

Reservation Form "A."

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a NEW READER.

The "John Bull" reader MUST complete label on the left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address clearly in block letters.

To Dept. J.B.1, "JOHN BULL,"
3, ARNE STREET, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve an 18-piece "Duchess" Tea Service in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for 16 consecutive weeks. I have read and agree to abide by the simple directions governing this offer.

I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."

Please send me an Official Presentation Voucher on which to qualify for my 18-piece Tea Service, together with a similar Presentation Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

Reader's Signature.....

WRITE BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your written order for the regular supply of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name.....

Address .....

.....

LEAVE BLANK CHECKED

.....
District Supervisor

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B."

This Form "B" MUST be filled in and signed PERSONALLY by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" Reader.

Your special Presentation Offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." I certify that I am NOT a Reader of "John Bull," and that I have not purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for 16 consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve an 18-piece "Duchess" Tea Service in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Presentation Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the simple directions governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature .....

WRITE BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you will give an order for the regular supply of "John Bull."

LEAVE BLANK CHECKED

.....
District Supervisor

Newsagent's Name.....

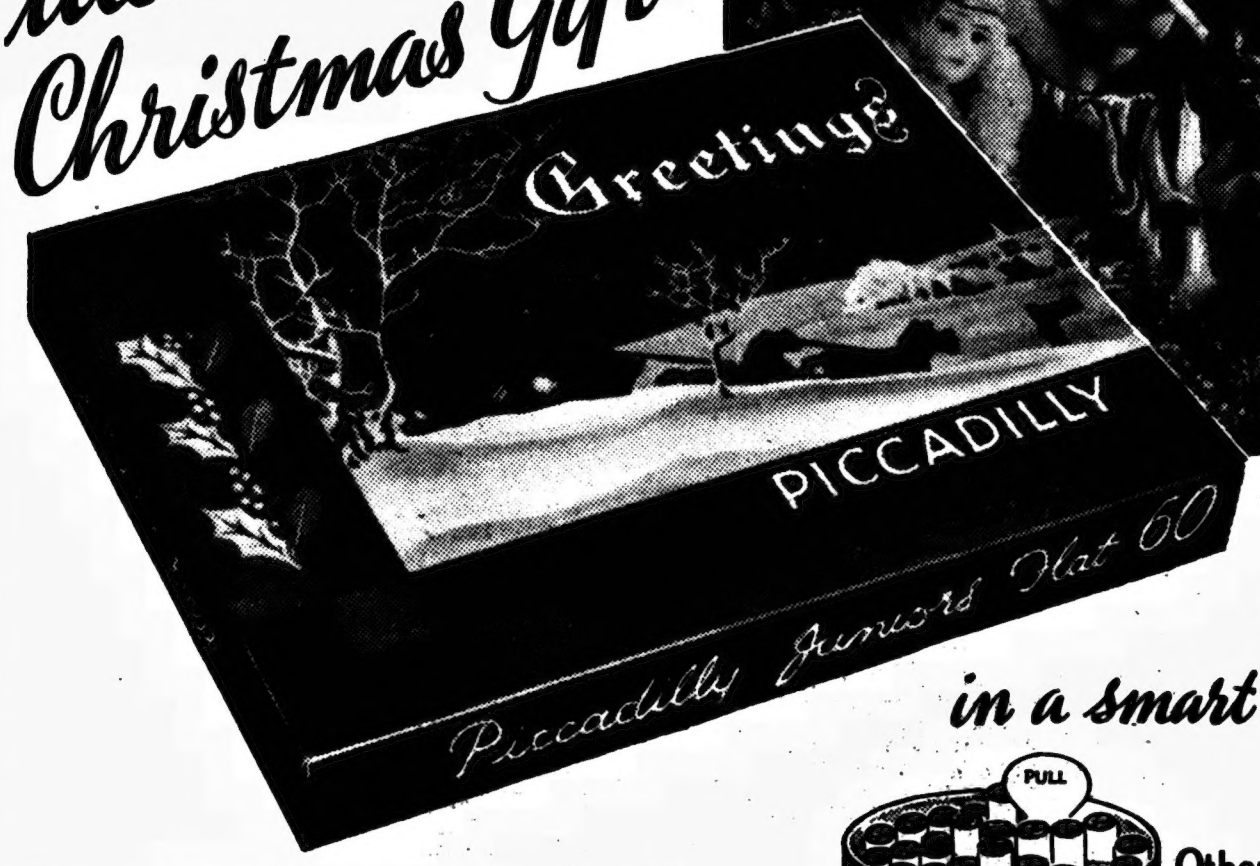
Address .....

.....

Do not separate these Forms. Post them (together with label on the left) in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. Do not enclose any cash or other correspondence.

THESE RESERVATION FORMS MUST BE RECEIVED BY NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY, JANUARY 4th. J.B. 21/12/35.

An ideal Christmas Gift



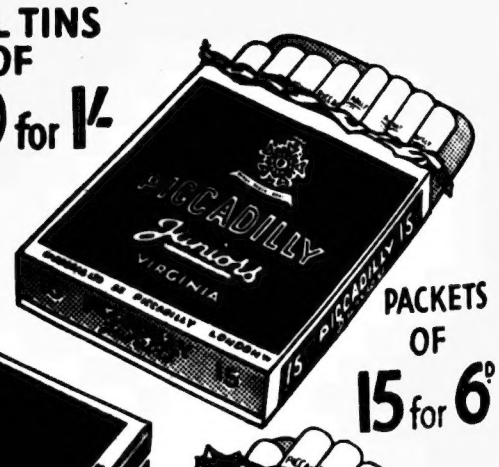
FLAT TIN OF 60 for 2/-

in a smart seasonable packing

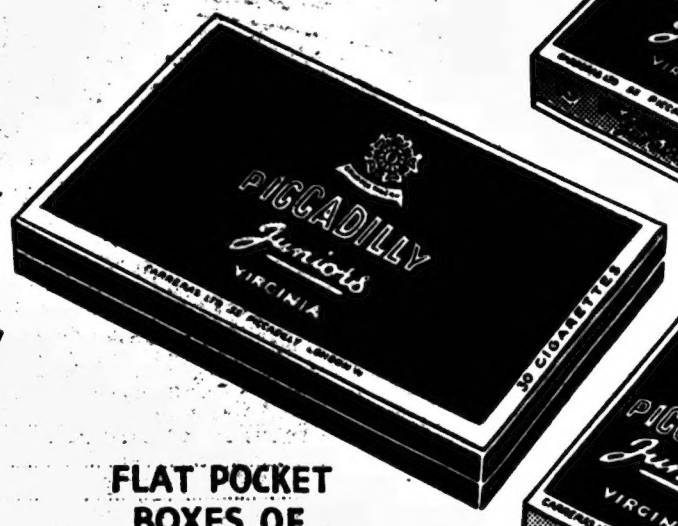
Give cool, smooth, even-smoking Piccadilly this Christmas. Although the cost of a Flat Pocket Tin of '60' in the new and attractive 'Greetings' packing is only 2/-, you can rest assured that it will be appreciated as much as many more expensive gifts.
Made from the choicest tobaccos, Piccadilly cigarettes' aroma and subtle difference in blending makes and keeps friends.
Give Piccadilly this Christmas . . . their outstanding popularity is a guarantee that your gift will be thoroughly acceptable.

Other PICCADILLY Packings include

OVAL TINS OF **30 for 1/-**



PACKETS OF **15 for 6d**



FLAT POCKET BOXES OF **30 for 1/-**

PACKETS OF **10 for 4d**

PICCADILLY

Junior SIZE - SENIOR QUALITY
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

RJ 89

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Drinking in the House!

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY.

For week ending Saturday, December 21, 1935. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d., all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Without Fear or Favour

—The TRUTH

WE congratulate Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., on his advice to new Labour members against the perils that lay in wait for the unwary and inexperienced in the smoking-room in the House of Commons, "for all the world like a glorified saloon-bar," he says.

Mr. Morrison has revived a very vexed question about which controversy has raged fiercely.

Nearly three years ago a group of temperance M.P.s of all Parties headed by Lady Astor, Mr. Isaac Foot and Dr. Salter actually contemplated an approach to the King, through the Speaker, to see whether they could not secure some limitation of the drinking facilities in the House.

That procedure was necessary because the Houses of Parliament constitute a Royal Palace. The plan, however, was abandoned; but only after there had been some acrimonious and revealing discussion on the matter within the House.

Previous to this, in the famous debate on the Hotels Bill in 1934, Lady Astor carried her zeal for temperance and her attacks on the alleged drinking proclivities of members so far as to hint that certain M.P.s were additionally paid by the drink trade to defend it in the House.

ON the suggestion of the Speaker, and in the face of the storm of protest which her remarks raised, Lady Astor withdrew the charges.

Earlier still, Dr. Alfred Salter, M.P., had made statements about groups of M.P.s who "go into the smoking room and soak themselves until they are stupid," who are drinking night after night, and that he had "seen Cabinet Ministers come into the House in a condition in which they could hardly stand."

For similar outspoken utterances Dr. Salter was, in 1926, called up before the House for breach of privilege. He stood by his allegations and offered to give further details before a Select Committee.

But this was never appointed and nothing more was said—except by Dr. Salter, who continued to make his charges whenever opportunity offered, inside or outside the House.

It is possible to give innumerable examples from yet earlier periods of the same kind of protest uttered in all degrees of language.

There was the gentleman, for instance, who enthusiastically referred to the House as the "best club in Europe," and that other M.P. who (during a debate on a Bill in the 'nineties designed to bring the House within the Licensing Laws) spoke of his fellow members as using the back benches "merely to sleep off a booze."

SO, there is nothing particularly new about Mr. Morrison's warning, which, by the way, should be heeded by newcomers to the House, whatever their Party.

It is good advice with a general application quite outside the Labour M.P.s, 50 per cent. of whom are total abstainers. Hence Mr. George Lansbury's comment that "Mr. Morrison might almost be accused of preaching to the converted."

Now what is the truth about "drinking in the House"? Are the Lady Astors and Dr. Salters justified or do they exaggerate?

The facts are that while there do exist temptations to excessive drinking in the House, it is quite absurd to imagine that the Members' smoking room is, as some harsh critics describe it, a mere drinking den.

Indeed, considering the drinking privileges that exist inside the House, it is a great tribute to M.P.s as a whole that these privileges are not more abused than they are.

Alcoholic drinks can be obtained by members whenever the House is sitting. The ordinary Closing Time of the outside world does not exist within the walls of St. Stephen. If there is an all-night sitting lasting, say, till 7 a.m., members can get their beer and whisky at any time up till this hour.

Three a.m., yet while the House is sitting members can still obtain drinks!

The temptation is obvious. It is increased, in a way, by the traditional tolerance of the House in such matters—a tolerance dating back to the ages of the "three-bottle" men, when it was considered nothing out of the common to see Pitt drowsing on the Front Bench under the influence of fine old port, or Charles Fox, flushed of face with the potations of Carlton House, swaying on his feet as he delivered some brilliant philippic against the Government's administration.

In the main a good deal of this tolerance still survives. A member who did himself "not wisely but too well" in the smoking room would not expect to be criticised by his colleagues, as would inevitably be the case in other professions.

A doctor who appeared at a hospital even slightly "under the weather" would soon find that he was being looked on askance. And the same applies to the barrister if he appeared in Court to conduct a case with obvious signs of alcohol about him.

Talking in debates may be dry work and listening even drier. There are arid stretches in between when the member desires neither to talk nor listen, to say nothing of the frequent necessities which arise for conferences with Party colleagues.

And the smoking room is always there, cosy and snug, with stimulants to ease minds jaded with Parliamentary discourse, to "ease that speech off my mind," to ease the flow of social intercourse between colleagues and friends.

BUT when all is said and done there is no doubt that our House of Commons as a whole is one of the most sober assemblies in the world. Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Labour, once described it so to a temperance gathering. And we see no reason to cavil at the description.

That is as it should be, since it legislates so restrictively on the drinking liberties of the rest of the country.

Nevertheless, M.P.s are only human beings and past experience has shown that such advice as Mr. Morrison's is not without reason.

And it is very much to the point that Mr. Lansbury, who can be trusted to defend the House against any unfair aspersions whatsoever, has summed up Mr. Morrison's advice as follows:—

"He seeks quite rightly to remind an M.P. that he is at the House for work . . . that the House is not a place for amusement and recreation; it is a workshop for those who are sent there."

Nobody can quarrel with that, and we suggest to M.P.s that they should take Mr. Morrison's advice in the same spirit.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

That's Why We Tell the Peers—'Never Again!'

NEVER again must a peer be tried in the House of Lords.

That is the plain lesson of the de Clifford "trial by his peers," on which the eyes of the nation were focused for a few hours, for which the pockets of unfortunate ratepayers are to be several thousand pounds the poorer.

In those brief hours it was proved beyond doubt that this form of trial, with its pageantry and ponderous ceremonial, is not merely a picturesque relic of the past, but an anachronism quite out of place in these democratic days.

Cocked hats

Its cost, indeed, is matched only by its waste of time.

That ridiculous waste started, in Lord de Clifford's case, with the appointment of a Select Committee, consisting of eighteen Law Lords and other peers, to delve into the records of previous trials and consider the methods of procedure.

After the publication of its report, there came an army of workmen to transform the Royal Gallery into a court of law, the issue of summonses to 750 peers—few of whom, of course, have any knowledge of law—a circular advising them on the matter of dress, then the solemn debate whether they should or should not wear cocked hats at the trial.

Something for the ratepayer to gasp at—the "trial by peers" bill

Broad hint

During this debate the Lord Chancellor expressed opinions which, we believe, are shared by the general public.

"It might not seem very dignified," said Lord Hailsham, "when great questions were being debated outside, that their lordships should spend their time discussing what clothes they should wear the day after to-morrow."

He went on: "I think there is a good deal to be said for taking the view that this method of trial has outlived its usefulness. Your lordships may think it desirable on an early occasion to express an opinion to that effect."

Pomp and splendour

Finally came the actual trial in its setting of silver and scarlet and gold, presided over by Lord Hailsham, who—just for the occasion—had been transformed from Lord Chancellor into Lord High Steward.

Perhaps lest the Law Lords should forget their law, the peers had the assistance of five High Court judges—all to decide that the accused man had no case of manslaughter to answer!

It could not be helped if the judges had to neglect their own work in the courts. It could not be helped if a single judge could easily have disposed of the case without the attendance of very youthful peers, very old peers, farmer peers, politician peers, and peers of every description.

Ancient privilege decreed that Lord de Clifford should be tried in the Lords!

Magna Charta

It is as well, however, to consider the origin of this type of legal procedure.

When King John signed the Magna Charta he unwillingly granted to every man "the right to be tried by his equals," and it is interesting to recall that in 1233 Richard, Earl Marshal of England, was declared a traitor by the King's command and his lands were forfeited without any proper trial, but the Barons as a body asserted his right to be tried by his equals. The word "peer" is merely a translation of a Latin word which means "equal," and, broadly speaking, this recent trial is indeed a reminder of the circumstances under which the Englishman gained his freedom.

To-day, under our jury system, all men are deemed to be equals or "peers," and there now seems no necessity for the retention of this cumbrous and somewhat illogical system of trial in and by the House of Lords.

Reform—at once

In the present case it has resulted in a loss to the public of £4,000 or £5,000, apart from all other considerations involved.

That is why we insist that Lord Hailsham's suggested reform should be made at once—before the House of Lords forgets it as easily as it has forgotten other demands in the past.

Christmas gifts—

Every Christmas there are cases in which public assistance committees, on hearing that some unemployed family has received small sums of money as Christmas gifts, deduct these from the amount of relief paid.

There will be no excuse for such meanness this year. Mr. George Lansbury has secured from the Minister of Labour a definite statement that "casual Christmas gifts will not be taken into account in the assessment of allowances." Local authorities must see that this ruling is strictly observed.

—New Year gifts!

Now let us look a little further than Christmas. An official announcement will be made early in the New Year about the provision of gas-masks for the adult population and anti-gas containers for infants.

The container will completely enclose the child, a filter purifying the gas-laden air and a pump admitting a fresh supply. What a cheerful New Year prospect for our babies!

Coalowners' trick

But we hope there is a prospect of official action to follow the Minister of Mines' admission that "some collieries are selling coal at unreasonably low prices to subsidiary companies."

A colliery which shows a loss on its own accounts through selling coal at an uneconomic price to a subsidiary is the first to tell the miners that they cannot have more money because there is none for them.

Then the subsidiary firm, under the same ownership but with separate accounts, makes a big profit—and the miners still go short.

Refusals

Several commissions have drawn attention to this dodge (so has JOHN BULL), but the Government has always refused to tackle it.

A further refusal will label our rulers as the protectors of these unworthy methods.

Milk only

Some restaurant proprietors hug the foolish belief that it's necessary to add water to milk when heating it, though if proper utensils are used the milk will not "burn."

And the Law acknowledges no excuse. If a shop sells hot milk, that milk must be up to standard and not adulterated by water.

Half a dozen café proprietors have been haled into Thames Police Court for being ignorant of the fact. Now they know!

Rivers of poison

An official medical warning has been broadcast about the condition of the river Ely, which empties into the Bristol Channel near Cardiff. It is bluntly stated that the water in this river is "poison."

But we can say that the river Ely is clean compared with other Welsh waterways. Indeed, doctors are now convinced that they are largely responsible for the diphtheria and scarlet fever outbreaks which have taken a heavy toll of Welsh youngsters in recent years.

Will not the Ministry of Health order an official enquiry?

Out-patients queue to go

A more welcome medical announcement is that the new Westminster Hospital will abolish delay in treating out-patients. They will be passed from a clearing station to full-time, fully paid doctors; when necessary, they will then be sent to specialists.

This is the method we suggested in our series of articles on "What's Wrong with the Hospitals?" and we congratulate Westminster Hospital on adopting it.

For the sake of suffering humanity, other institutions should make the same decision.

Hospital Cuts Out the Queue

Two Very Queer Fathers

Superstition

There are still people who believe that they can stop their children from playing with fire by burning their hands on a hot grate.

At Torquay a father who practised this monstrous superstition has been sent to jail for a day while the seven-year-old boy concerned has been ordered to an approved school.

Some people may be sorry for that father. We are sorry for his boy.

Queer father

Think next of the Gravesend father who took his two-days-old son up in an aeroplane just to "make a record for his family."

We don't know, and don't particularly care, whether his achievement was a record or not.

But we do know that the exploit will arouse no envy in other parents of young babies.

School prizes

Durham County education rulers have decreed that after March, 1937, no more prizes are to be given to scholars making record attendances.

Apparently they are alive to the danger discussed in these columns months ago, of encouraging children to attend school when they should be in bed under the care of a doctor.

It has often happened that epidemics have been caused by the foolish fetish of driving sick youngsters to their lessons to avoid blemishes on the school registers.

Durham is setting a wise example to the rest of the country, though why it should not be put into practice until 1937 is beyond our comprehension.

Bright offer

There are other good tidings for Durham. A Midlands silk firm, anxious to help those living in the distressed areas of the county, offers to provide work in its mills for twelve unemployed families—and to build them houses as well.

More families are to be provided with employment, and more houses built, if the experiment is a success. We trust it will be.

Stick-in-the-muds

No doubt the property owners at Teignmouth and Newton Abbot who are angry because the Great Western Railway proposes to lay a new line "to the detriment of the parish" think they have right on their side.

But they may not know that Britain would have no railways to-day if, a century or so ago, the lines had not been laid while people were in church on Sunday night and thus unable to interfere.

The new line is a necessity.

We hope the railway company gets on with it.

Threatened homes

And a further instance of the new property ramp which we recently exposed under the heading "Your Money or Your Home" is provided by the *Grimsby News*, which quotes much of our article.

A house-owner, who has spent £150 on repairs and decorations, and whose house is in splendid condition, has been presented by the ground landlord with a formidable list of dilapidations. He must spend a large amount on new brickwork, a new ceiling, repainting—and even take out a good stone sink and replace it by a glazed sink!

It is said that Grimsby's M.P., Sir W. Womersley, may take action on the matter. If he does, we think he will meet with support far beyond the borders of his constituency.

The Fragrant Minute

NEWS

TO North, to East, to West, to South, out of the starlit past, by written word, by word of mouth, this News is travelling fast. News of a starry night and mild, news of a man so blind he could not let a little Child be born among his kind.

News of a manger near the earth from which the oxen fed. To think that straw could have such worth—to pillow that small Head! Such News the angels sang in praise! The shepherds heard with joy. They left their flocks that they might gaze upon a new-born Boy.

The North, the East, the West, the South are telling one another (by printed word, by word of mouth) "He's Everybody's Brother. He once within a manger lay, a precious thing, apart. Now He usurps with Kingly sway each lowly human heart.'

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

The protected farmer has defaulted; he has resorted to the policy of restricted supplies and higher prices

GREAT Turkey SCANDAL

TWO superior cock turkeys have been reared and prepared on a Worcestershire farm for the Christmas board of the family and staff at No. 10, Downing Street.

Mr. Baldwin will assuredly find his helping tender and succulent. No one would seek, of course, to disturb his Christmas dinner with unhappy thoughts for the future, but, if he heeds it, the Prime Minister will also find his turkey very eloquent.

It will carry to him, indeed, a message which suggests that very soon there will be uneasy days for his Government.

For the turkey and, in fact, most of the constituents of the Christmas dinner this year, proclaim the necessity for urgent attention being given to a problem which is having serious consequences on the everyday lives of the mass of the people—the causes of the rising prices of staple foods without a corresponding increase in the purchasing power of the community, accompanied by an inevitable reduction in consumption and a greater use of inferior substitutes.

The turkey has not, of course, the distinction to pose as a staple food. But the lesson it is teaching this Christmas is a general one, and the story it tells is worthy of notice in every detail because of its bearing on the whole of the housewife's larder.

There is a market in Britain for four million turkeys yearly. The size of the demand for the bird has astonished even those who know most about the food markets, and whose job it is to test the pulse of public fancy.

Shrewd foreign dealers and breeders, however, foresaw the tendency to the popularity of the turkey in this country long before it was discerned by their business competitors at home, and they proceeded to exploit the opportunity to the full.

They put the turkey into every second home in the country, whereas it had been known half a generation before only in the homes of the rich and the upper-middle class.

The British farmer was very late in coming into the field, and even when he did so his contribution was comparatively small and the price he could quote bore no resemblance to that of the foreign exporter.

☆ ★ ☆

Dead poultry, mostly turkeys, was coming into Britain until 1931 at the rate of 7 lb. for every household in the land. Our farmers were not only envious, but helpless. They clamoured for protection, and the assurance was given that, if the opportunity was allowed them, they would soon meet the demand at fair prices.

Well, the British farmers have since then had four full years in which to carry out their promised intentions. They cannot say that they have not had a chance because in that time the importation from abroad has fallen from 7 lb. to 2¼ lb. per household as a result of the tariff which has been imposed.

The British farmer has defaulted.

He has made only the scantiest effort to meet the demand. He has resorted, as with all the departments of his business for which he has obtained protection, to the policy of restricted supplies plus higher prices. He has exploited what is practically now a monopoly to obtain maximum prices and profits on a minimum turnover instead of producing and selling plentifully and cheaply for the general benefit.

This Christmas he is trying to bring things to a climax in his favour. He has deliberately suppressed supplies of turkeys to an extent which he hopes will fetch, on the eve of Christmas, the unprecedented price of nearly two shillings per pound for the best grade of birds.

He is obsessed with the theory of big profits on a small turnover, and, safe for the time being in the shelter of tariffs, is seeking to hold his turkeys and the public at ransom.

Of course, an excuse has had to be found for the failure to meet the demand and to justify the exorbitant price being charged. For weeks past it has been given out that there is a great scarcity because the weather has not been particularly good for the rearing of turkeys, and that in many districts there have been heavy losses, especially in the later hatches.

There is no substance whatever in these reports. The farmer is only copying the cry of other people who have bleated each year that prices to the public must be higher because, for one alleged reason or another, the breeding grounds have become more denuded than they were in the previous season.

There has never been anything like the position in the poultry market as in the two weeks before this Christmas. It has been one of complete deadlock.

The farmers, confident at last in a supreme monopoly, have been refusing to enter into any contracts or to give the slightest indication of the prices they propose to charge. They believe they are now in an impregnable position, and will obtain whatever prices they choose to dictate in the dearest Christmas of all time from the angle of the table.

Their confidence and sense of power has been so great that until ten days before Christmas they were sending samples of birds to the dealers, followed by telegrams that they would send on supplies at their will, but would not quote prices until a day or two before Christmas.

One of the largest firms of caterers in the country, which specialises in the supply of tens of thousands of cooked turkeys to its customers, has been so disgusted by the tactics of the British farmers that it has wholly cancelled its usual order to them and has given it entirely to foreign exporters.

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Only one-half of the possible public demand for turkeys this Christmas will be met as a consequence of the farmers' hold up of supplies and prices.

The British farmers have not only failed to implement their promise to provide a sufficiency of turkeys at a fair price since they became protected by tariffs. They have refused also to do anything towards breeding the smaller, fine-boned and handy type of plump bird which the housewife could previously depend upon obtaining from the foreign breeder.

The home farmer, apparently, does not realise or disregards the fact that the type of turkey he rears is unsuited both to the oven of the average modern house and to the size of the Christmas dinner party of to-day.

But the price being sought for the home-bred turkey this Christmas only illustrates what is happening in all departments of British agricultural production which have obtained tariff protection in recent years. The necessity for or desirability of duties on foreign imports is not in question. It is the abuse or misuse of the monopoly granted to the home producers that is causing dismay to the housewife.

If the unscientific index figure produced periodically by the Board of Trade could be believed, there has lately been no change in the cost of living. Every housewife knows this is false.

The price of the main articles of diet has risen this year by nearly 20 per cent., and the increase has been brought about in an exactly similar manner to that of the turkey—restriction of supplies as a result of the operation of tariffs, marketing boards, quotas, subsidies, levies and what not in the alphabet of Elliotry.

Each or all of these devices may be necessary in principle, but the method of their application and the effects have made holes in the budget of the ordinary household. A family with an income of £2 10s. weekly has in the past year found it necessary to expend 7s. weekly more on the purchase of the principal foodstuffs.

☆ ★ ☆

The British farmer has failed to seize his chance and, even with the reward of bigger prices on a restricted output of essential commodities, he must be believed when he says that he is still not making sufficient profits.

His sole interest has been to obtain prices for his products which he considers adequate. Having obtained such prices for a time, he then finds that the public cannot continue to pay them, and is forced to reduce consumption, leaving him with unsold produce.

Prices automatically fall and, considering them inadequate, the farmer calls for a further measure of protection of some kind in the hope that next time his gamble will be a success.

This Christmas he is making a desperate throw with the turkey regardless of the position of the buying and consuming public in the vicious circle around which his business travels.

An enquiry has been set on foot at Geneva to ascertain why a great part of the population is not consuming its necessary foodstuffs, and to reveal the extent to which the consumption of meat, milk, butter, fish, fruit and vegetables is being restricted by selfish nationalistic policy.

The scarcity and dearness of turkeys in Britain this Christmas would provide an answer to the whole question.

In the same way Mr. Baldwin's turkey should provide him not only with a succulent Christmas dish, but food for serious thought as well.

A CHRISTMAS EVE JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL's happiest Christmas greeting to its readers will be itself! It will reach them just before the holidays. In fact, it will be on sale next week on CHRISTMAS EVE.

So make sure you have your JOHN BULL on the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 24. Order it now!

THE KING'S

"The first Nowell the Angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!"...

A MESSAGE over the fields of Bethlehem nineteen hundred and thirty-five years ago, and the world had its first Christmas party.

A few humble people went to a lowly stable. They beheld the pale but radiant face of a Mother. They saw held out proudly towards them a Babe. They presented their simple gifts.

That was the first Christmas party. . . .

Well, across those same fields of Bethlehem this coming Christmas Day another message is to go out.

The bells of Bethlehem are to ring merrily over the hallowed spot where that Babe was born. Poor shepherds tending their flocks in the fields will hear them.

The bells will call the guests to another party.

But this time there will be king and coolie there, prince and peasant, sage and serf. Four hundred million people in all, all gathered round the King, and all taking part with as little regard for rank and station as those people who met at the first party in a stable.

"Listen to the sincerity in the King's voice as he speaks to our Christmas party. You will discern how dear these broadcasts are to his heart

Distances melt

It will be the British Empire's own Christmas party, at which all those huge distances which must separate kinsmen in so mighty an Empire as ours will be melted away, to which you and yours are invited—and the great moment of which will be the speech of the King himself.

But let us begin with the bells of Bethlehem, as that wonderful story of old began with the Angel's first "Nowell!"

How ache and joy will surge in the hearts of the loneliest exiles when they hear the first few silvery notes and realise how much they resemble those that echo over sweet-smelling English meadows from a church that nestles in some unforgettable hamlet.

Then as they peal out their thanksgiving for the Babe born so near at hand, a whole Empire will compose itself for the great family party that is to follow.

And now let us look at "this great family"—to give the King's own name for it—as the bells of Bethlehem's Church of the Nativity begin to sway.

It is 2.25 p.m. by the clocks of Broadcasting House — Christmas dinner time in Britain. The lukewarm remains of the Christmas pudding have followed the skeleton of the turkey to the pantry in castles and cottages alike, and the crackers are spitting fire.

In Canada—and Canada is going to speak to the guests assembled—it is breakfast time. The children are tumbling the contents of their stockings on the floor—well able to believe that Santa Claus came by sleigh since sleigh bells are ringing outside.

Then South Africa is going to join in the jolly chatter of the great party, and there it is tea time. Already at the lonely farmsteads where parties are being held ancient cars are arriving over primitive roads with "near neighbours" who live twenty or more miles away.

And in India it is 8.15 p.m., and the parties are at their height. It is in an atmosphere of paper caps and eyes made merry by dance that the English exiles from home listen to India's own contribution to the Empire's Christmas Party.

And as Australia has her say midnight is ringing over Sydney—midnight and the morning bells of Bethlehem, all heard in the same magical half-hour!

"Sleepy heads"

And let us forgive our New Zealand guests if they are a little sleepy, if the voices that convey her wishes to the Christmas party are a little tired. Her clocks point at 3 a.m. Her Christmas is finished for another year. Yet all but her youngest children will have their sleepy heads roused from their pillows to hear the King.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Look out for an announcement of vital interest to every reader in next week's issue of JOHN BULL.

It concerns our great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1936—the supremely practical way in which JOHN BULL will ensure the safety and security of yourself, your family and your home next year.

Present registered readers will be automatically qualified for the benefits for 1936 without the necessity for re-registration unless they have changed their address or newsagent.

Don't miss next week's issue of JOHN BULL.

Four Hundred Million at the Broadcast Party

Yes, to hear the King—that will be the dominant wish in every heart throughout the Empire, on torrid plain, amid eternal snows, in native compound, in Maharajah's palace, in that moment when the bells of Bethlehem ring out.

Wireless may one day come to be regarded as a humdrum thing.

It will never destroy any of the magic of the idea of the King in the bosom of his family speaking a genial, a friendly, a fatherly word to you in yours.

That is a big Christmas thrill for the King as well as his Empire.

And now let us look in a Norfolk homestead at that great moment. Sandringham House, it is called. It is the home of the King.

At one moment there is Norfolk turkey with stuffing and all the other usual accompaniments on the table round which the Royal Family is gathered. Christmas fare at Sandringham is always good old English fare.

Then appear the mincepies and the plum pudding—plum pudding to which the Queen, the little princesses and every member of the family, even the King himself, administered a stir in the making just as in the humblest homes of the land.

There are gleeful discoveries of trinkets in the pudding and absurd little whistles, rings and other trifles in the crackers. Tiny Tim would have been at home at such a party as this.

And then those bells ring out and the head of the family that is gathered round the festive board rises from his chair to meet his mightier family that is spread the whole world over.

Now the King is standing in the ante-room of his study. Every adult member of his own private Christmas party is there, raising a glass to him as his study door opens.

"God bless you," comes fervently from the Queen and everyone there. How many people are saying: "The King, God Bless Him!" at that moment, even in places where there are no glasses to raise?

It begins

And now the King is alone with the B.B.C. official in his study, with the wireless set playing. The Bells of Bethlehem die away. . . . The great Empire Christmas Broadcast party has begun.

It is all very wonderful—far more wonderful in conception this year than ever before.

From somewhere in England comes the strains of a carol—and then the bark of a dog. How many

Big Christmas THRILL

The Bells of Bethlehem once summoned the people to see a Babe, in a stable. On Christmas Day they will ring out a message which will be the signal for the great Christmas Party which the King will address by radio

istant exiles will think of dogs they nce had back home in the Old ountry—good pals—that are now o more than a memory?

From far away in Africa we should ear an answering bark.

And now we hear a working-class mily at their Christmas dinner in ne of the busy industrial cities of he North of England, the children attering, the plates rattling, the ackers banging—a gay babble that ill bring a sob to the throat of many exile living where there is only ned beef to eat, and that melted icky by the sun.

A sob, perhaps, that no exile would iss. . . .

And then, in answer, a sturdy olonial voice from a breakfast table in Ottawa, the excited chatter of children in the great hour when their Christmas toys are new to them, and finally a whole family's "Merry Christmas!" to the Empire.

A fine old Scottish farmer rises from his dinner table in the bosom of his family to give special greetings to his farmer brethren in South Africa, to be answered, in a flash, by a voice just as sturdy from a farmhouse perched high on a hill in the very shadow of Table Mountain.

They talk about weather, of course. What farmer would not? One of the snow that has already visited the Highlands—the other of soft, balmy sunshine.

We hear a rich brogue—the voice of a fine old Irish fisherman who still fishes in the same creek as his father and grandfather and great grandfather before him, using tackle that has wrung a living from the sea for four generations of his family.

And now voices of greeting echo backwards and forwards over the boundless oceans. They might almost be echoes, with each item from England having its counterpart from some distant part of the Empire.

And as we listen there comes a voice from a part of the Empire that is just as unchanging, a voice from a little native village near Bombay that will tell us what Christmas is like to the simple people there, and express the seasonal wishes of those humble folk to a whole mighty Empire and its King-Emperor.

A Welsh voice, now, from the heart of the Principality, talking of seasonal jollity in those age-old hills.

A Welsh voice again, but this time from an exile far away in New South Wales.

And now the last interchange of greetings between Mother Country and her distant family, and this the most moving of all.

Special message

From somewhere in London two little girls lisp a message to girls and boys the whole world over—children of every colour, of every race, of every faith, but sharing a common love of Christmas and its red-robed, white-bearded patron.

And at the end a name falls from the lips of one of them, the name of a little cousin in far-away New Zealand whom neither of them have ever seen.

For her they have a special word of greeting which a whole Empire will hear.

And in that far-off home, near Wellington, the child to whom that message is addressed, and who has been awakened specially to take part in the Empire's Christmas party, seizes the hand of the grandfather with whom she lives. She speaks for the first time to the baby cousins she has never met. She pours out in a childish torrent New Zealand's wishes to the Empire.

And then—the master-stroke of an unforgettable occasion — this newly wakened baby introduces His Majesty the King to that world-wide audience of four hundred million people!

His Majesty the King! The thrill that goes surging not only over the Empire, but over the whole world when a red light blazes up on an instant, and the King, in obedience to its command, starts to talk to his great family.

As to what he intends to say to us all, he alone knows. It is his own message, written with his own hand from the depths of his own heart.

Loyalty is not subject to command. It springs up unbidden at such words as his.

And there is no need to describe that voice which broadcasting has made one of the best known throughout the world.

Who, having once heard it, could forget its fatherliness and sincerity? "No wonder simple, direct, heart-felt English without a trace of affectation or false modesty goes by the name of King's English," was a French opinion on last year's broadcast.

"The greatest broadcast event in wireless history," the head of one of the biggest American broadcasting corporations said of the King's homely broadcast on that occasion.

Notice the earnestness and deep concern in His Majesty's voice as he speaks to our Christmas party. You may be able to discern from it how dear these Christmas broadcasts are to his heart.

Mark also that there is no flashy appeal in his voice.

He is a man with no place in his life for cheap sentimentality. There are few things he hates more than false emotion.

Greatest of all

But Christmas "cheap sentimentality"? A re-union of our scattered Empire exiles "false emotion"? The King would be the last man on earth to think that.

Notice, too, what obvious enjoyment he gets out of the fact that he is the centre of "this great family party."

It is due more to His Majesty than any other living person that these greatest of all broadcasts are continued.

His first Christmas broadcast four years ago touched him so deeply that there was bound to be a second. The second led to a third—and here is the fourth. And they will certainly go on.

This Christmas half-hour with his people is as dear to his heart as any of the rich, ceremonial observances handed down through the centuries, and so they are unlikely to come to an end while His Majesty is alive, if ever.

No, the people are wrong who think the King must dislike such broadcasts because of his fondness for tradition. Tradition must begin somewhere is his view of these great Empire reunions.

And now His Majesty's heart-to-heart talk—he himself would use that word, having no desire to spoil our Christmas party with an address or even a speech—draws to a close.

Throughout it you can feel that a whole Empire is hushed, expectant, hanging on his every word.

Not thankfully will he relinquish the microphone at last, although the strain on him is greater than most people realise. And his final, fervent, heartfelt "God Bless You," in any case, will seem a speech in itself.

Memories

And so as the last echoes of those words linger in millions of homes a choir away in Scotland begins to sing the first verse of "God Save the King."

Their voices fade, and now it is a Welsh choir that continues the anthem.

Now the singing comes from Ireland, and now from England's industrial north.

We hear two verses sung in that way, and now comes the third verse, sung by a monster choir in London —the heart of that great Empire that has just celebrated Christmas in so unique a way.

The music dies. We are left with the memory of those last three fervent words: "God bless you."

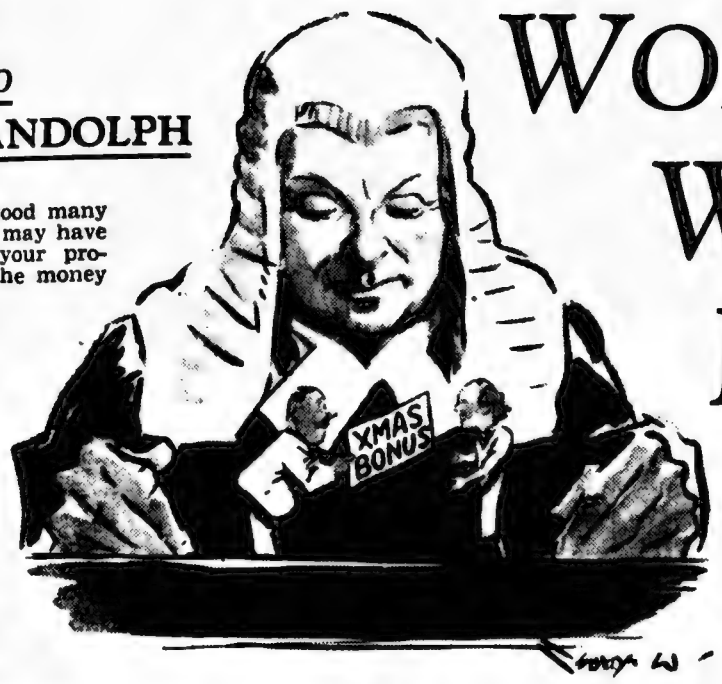
Again will soar an Empire's prayer: "The King, God Bless Him."

Who will not want to add those words of Tiny Tim, the little cripple who so loved Christmas:

"God Bless Us, Every One."

JOHN BULL'S Open Letter to JUDGE RANDOLPH

WON'T the Wives Laugh!



YOUR HONOUR,—A good many husbands and wives may have been surprised by your pronouncement that "the money a husband hands to his wife belongs legally to him and not to her."

You went on to say in this connection that "if there is anything over, the husband can get it back."

I suspect that you had some mental reservation about that word "can." If you had not been sitting in your own court, I fancy your remark might have been accompanied by a dry chuckle in recognition of the gap between the legal right and the domestic practice.

But judges have to administer and interpret the laws, not to make them. And the duty of decent citizens is to observe them without taking unfair advantage of them.

There are many who never break the law, though they twist legal rulings to their own ends. I recall, for instance, a case fought in 1918 in which a husband actually claimed to have *lent* his wife her underclothes so that they could not be seized in execution!

And I think Your Honour would agree that whatever rights a man may have over his wife's housekeeping money he must needs be a bully and curmudgeon to insist upon them in everyday life.

Personally, I should like to see the law changed in this respect, for I believe that the woman who does the housekeeping should have complete control of this part of the family budget.

There has been some wild talk recently of salaries for wives, but a wife is not a servant; she is a partner and is entitled to a share, not a wage.

If her accounts are to be audited and checked and criticised, then she should certainly be entitled to examine her husband's accounts in the same way.

What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, but it is certainly not every husband who would be willing to give details of how he spends his pocket-money.

At this season of the year every man lucky enough to be in work ought to be generous with the housekeeping money. People are in the mood to "stand treat," and there isn't much harm in that provided they begin with "the missus and kids." The man who is generous only to his pals isn't generous at all: he is simply squandering the partnership funds.

And I would suggest to Your Honour that, though it may be good law, it is bad policy for any husband to feel that if there is anything over he has a right to it.

You as a County Court judge must have heard countless sad little human stories of the way that people struggle to meet expenses on tiny incomes, and I am sure you would agree that the great majority of good wives and mothers are miracle workers in this respect.

If they can actually put up a trifle out of their housekeeping allowances it would be the height of meanness to cheat them of this gallant triumph. And the height of folly, too, for the saving is nearly always spent on the home and the children.

There was a time when a husband might chastise his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb, and, although women have moved far from that ancient servitude, a wife with no private means is still in a position of economic inferiority.

The husband has no whip, but he has the whip hand in money matters and often does not hesitate to use it.

And I cannot imagine anything more galling to a proud and capable woman than to feel that she must always ask for every penny she needs. Sometimes, indeed, she is made to feel that her lord and master is doing her a favour when he pays the household bills and is being extravagantly generous when he buys clothes for her or the youngsters.

This is not, of course, the general position. Most marriages are happy whatever the cynics may pretend, and most men are deeply grateful for their wives' loyal help.

Nevertheless, it is also true that even among the husbands who "play fair" there are a great many who secretly enjoy their money power. They are not ungenerous, but they do like their wives to realise that they hold the purse-strings.

It is the wrong spirit. There has been pother enough over the word "obey" in the marriage service, but men continue most cheerfully to promise to endow their wives with all their worldly goods when they haven't the slightest intention of doing anything of the sort.

That is why I am glad you had occasion to call attention to the legal position in regard to housekeeping money. On the whole, I think the wives will laugh—and thank you.

I hope it may make a lot of men eager to renounce a right that ought to be obsolete. I hope it may make them decide, if it is at all within their means, to give their wives an allowance which does *not* have to be accounted for.

At Christmas-time particularly there is no finer investment than a housekeeping bonus to the woman who does the splendid work of managing a real home.

And if that isn't good law I don't doubt that it will have Your Honour's approval as good sense and sound policy.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE,
Foreign Secretary

SIR,—You know by now what the people of this country think of the audacious plan, concocted by M. Laval and yourself, for rewarding the smash-and-grab tactics of Mussolini.

You know that your scheme to dismember Abyssinia, to enrich the war-maker and impoverish the war's victim, has aroused disgust and horror not only throughout Britain but throughout the civilised world.

The League of Nations has the power to save Abyssinia. It has no authority to vindicate British honour. That is a task for you alone—one which you should face even if it entails your resignation.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. C. L. SLORACH,
Dumbarton Medical Officer

DEAR DOCTOR,—It is almost inconceivable that ten persons of both sexes should sleep in one apartment, you remark. Yet, according to your annual report, this wretched state of affairs is by no means uncommon in Dumbarton.

In pointing out the hopelessness of trying to combat disease in such squalid surroundings you have done your duty. Now, I hope, the ratepayers' representatives will do theirs.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE GODDARD,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—"If such sentences are to be passed on road ruffians of this description it is almost hopeless to suppose there will be any safety on the road."

So you said when dealing with a man who had nine previous convictions (six fines, three jail sentences) for serious motoring offences. Then, when he ran into a crowd and killed a woman he was tried not for manslaughter but for driving while under a life ban!

As the Minister for Transport pointed out in these columns last week, Parliament has given magistrates ample power to protect the public against "road ruffians." I hope your scathing criticism will persuade them to use it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. R. PETERSON,
Grid House, Newcastle

DEAR SIR,—You are too sweeping when you say that electricity is no longer a luxury, but well within the means of working-class households.

In some districts that is certainly true. In many others the cost is so high as to be a burden even on middle-class families. Surely you must know that?

JOHN BULL.

Rev. H. W. LANGRIDGE,
Brighton

DEAR SIR,—Patriotism, you think, will one day be regarded as a reactionary vice. Certainly views of it to-day vary from those of the fire-eater who says, "it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country," and Dr. Johnson's dictum that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

But the truest words ever spoken on the subject were those of Nurse Cavell: "Patriotism is not enough."

JOHN BULL.

Rev. EWEN MACQUEEN,
Dornoch

REVEREND SIR,—A "day of mourning," with fasting and public prayers, has been called in Uig, Isle of Lewis, because of your attitude in the famous Christmas dance dispute.

Even this solemn action, I trust, will not intimidate you; nor should you worry because the dispute has been referred to the supreme court of the Church.

I am convinced that the great majority of Scots are on your side—even though they may be heartily tired of this tedious and fatuous business.

JOHN BULL.

DAVID JONES,
Rochdale

DEAR DAVID,—There are limits even to the physical endurance of an able-bodied youth of twenty. You discovered that when you set out to walk from Rochdale to Staines—over 200 miles—after a job you had been told about.

On the last lap, at Harringay, you collapsed from lack of food and after a few hours' rest in hospital were on the road again.

But you did prove that there are no limits to pluck and determination, and I trust by this time you have collected your first week's wages.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR MR. ELLIOT,—Indignation was expressed at the Smithfield Show because you exhibited graded cattle which showed how poor the commercial stuff really is.

But at the same time you were being justified by Lord Grimthorpe at the York Show, where he rated the farmers for expecting top prices for the stringy beef and even cow beef which they supply to butchers as "prime English."

And it is certainly time the public was told what it eats.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. E. WITHINGTON,
Windsor Steward

DEAR SIR,—There's a lot of money in horse-racing—for some people. Under National Hunt rules there's not very much for jump riders, and a deputation has just complained to you that stable lads are riding for less than the usual fees.

I hope you will refer the matter to the National Hunt Committee, and that action will speedily be taken to stop any undercutting that may exist.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman F. THRAVES,
Lord Mayor of Sheffield

DEAR SIR,—You are not alone in feeling uncomfortable when batches of boys and girls are sent to the Colonies.

Not only might they become good citizens in the land of their birth, there is the gross unfairness of subjecting them to the risk of scandalous treatment overseas.

And the many emigration abuses we have exposed shows how grave is that risk.

JOHN BULL.

Professor D. FRASER-HARRIS,
London, W.

DEAR PROFESSOR,—Social life, you believe, will never proceed very far without the aid of some form of exhilarating beverage, and you plead for an improvement in drinking conditions.

Well, the public-house to-day is better than it was, and I agree that it might become the ordinary man's club for refreshment, entertainment and recreation.

And that would mean more real temperance.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. HOPKIN MORRIS,
N. London Police Court

DEAR SIR,—The human touch is life's keynote, and I like your human advice to a young husband accused of failing to maintain his wife.

"You made love to her once. Try it again."

That recipe, I fancy, would cure the troubles of most young married folk.

JOHN BULL.

Miss LILIAN BARKER,
Inspector of Prisons,

DEAR MADAM,—I am glad to note your denunciation of magistrates who "literally and truly damn the future" of boys and girls by sending them to prison when they know that Borstal would be the best remedy.

As a former Governor of Borstal and Aylesbury Women's Prison, yours is a valuable confirmation of the opinion we have always held on the treatment of juvenile offenders.

JOHN BULL.

S.O.S.—
Save Our Sailors

by
A. G. GARDINER

I THINK the whole nation, without regard to class or party, will endorse Mr. Arthur Greenwood's enquiry in Parliament on the subject of *La Crescenta*. Have we heard the last of that tragedy? Is the payment of costs amounting to £3,400 to be regarded as a full discharge of the debt of the owners? Is no further action contemplated?

These are the first and obvious demands that leap to the mind. There are other and wider questions to which I will refer later. But let us take Mr. Greenwood's point first.

No one can have followed, as I have done, the enquiry into the loss of *La Crescenta* without feelings of indignation and shame. *La Crescenta* was a steel oil tanker of 5,880 tons, built in 1923, and owned by the Crescent Navigation Co. She left San Luis in California for Osaka in Japan last December, and disappeared during bad weather in the Pacific, together with her crew of 29 hands.

Why did she disappear? The judgment of the Court, delivered by Lord Merrivale, leaves no doubt. She was overloaded and she was under-manned. She was loaded down, it was asserted, to her tropical marks when she should have only been loaded to her summer marks."

Not disputed

This was not an accident. It was deliberate. It was not occasional. It was systematic. "That the *La Crescenta* was repeatedly overloaded in 1934 is beyond question," said Lord Merrivale.

The overloading was done on the written instructions of the company's agents. Those instructions were read in Court. They were not in dispute. The unhappy Captain Upstill was ordered again and again to carry his maximum load. "We were disappointed last time," wrote the agents, "that you didn't load to your tropical load line," although, commented Lord Merrivale, such loading was clearly unlawful.

The unfortunate captain was between the devil and the deep sea. If he disobeyed, his job was in peril. If he obeyed, his life and the lives of his 28 comrades were in peril. He wrote to his wife in his distress. "Sydney Graham (the manager) says I must," he wrote.

He took the risk to his life instead of the risk to his job. His wife is a widow and he and his 28 companions lie somewhere in the vast wastes of the Pacific.

And the vessel was not only shamefully overloaded. It was under-manned. The crew had been severely cut down in 1934, and the letters of Captain Upstill to his wife on the voyages preceding the fatal one were full of the desperate labours of himself and his depleted crew.

"We had a terrible job with the tanks, but thanks to all the men working day and night we managed. . . . They were all about done up by three days and nights of it, and to tell you the truth so am I."

One of many

This was the tenor of his letters. It was confirmed by the evidence of members of the crew who fortunately quitted the tanker before its last voyage. "There were only 28, and all the crew were hollow-cheeked and seriously overworked," said a fireman in his evidence.

In the face of this shocking story, are we to assume that justice has said its last word? If a motorist kills a man by reckless disregard of the law of the road he is held guilty of manslaughter. If 29 men perish at sea by an employer's disregard of the laws of the sea and of safety, is the account to be settled with the payment of costs?

I cannot think that that is the last word that justice has to say on this grim story of *La Crescenta*.

But let us turn to the larger question on which this tragedy throws light. The case of *La Crescenta* is only one of the many which have recently shocked the conscience of the country in regard to the treatment of those who "go down to the sea in ships."

The case of the *Blairgowrie* is still fresh in our minds. So is the case of the *Usworth*. So is the case of the *Millpool*. In all these cases, it is true, it was found that there was no wrongful act or default on the part of the owners or managers.

But they showed that there was very great fault somewhere. And Lord Merrivale put his finger upon that fault with words that should provoke instant action by Parliament and the Board of Trade. It is not a newly discovered fault. It has been apparent for a long time past. A year ago it was the subject of a searching and disquieting article in these columns.

The fact is that we have grown lax and culpable about our mercantile marine law. We have been so busy in other fields that we have forgotten the great industry in which for so long we led the world, and in which we gave other nations the highest pattern of efficiency and security.

We need an awakening. We need another Samuel Plimsoll to shake Parliament and the nation out of its indifference to the health, comfort and life of the magnificent service by which we "rule the waves," not with gun, torpedo and ironclad, but by faithful services to humanity.

It is clear from the story of *La Crescenta*, and from the cases that have gone before it, that the supervision of the mercantile marine conditions is deplorably out of date, and that a new Merchant Shipping Act, such as the men's unions have been demanding, is urgently called for. The Act of 1894 should be replaced by one that would prescribe statutory penalties for non-compliance with the regulations.

If *La Crescenta* had not been overloaded and under-manned, it is reasonably certain that Capt. Upstill and his men would have been alive to-day. And it is pertinent to remember that in the case of the *Blairgowrie*, as in the case of *La Crescenta*, the same doubt was expressed whether she had a sufficient complement of deck hands.

But—and here is the crucial point—both vessels had been passed by the Board of Trade as adequately manned.

The only conclusion that can be drawn is that emphasised by Lord Merrivale. It is that the Lloyd's surveys of vessels are not strict and definite enough to secure the highest degree of safety, and that the existing regulations both as to managing and overloading do not adequately comply with the law.

Lord Merrivale photographed after a day session at a recent wreck enquiry

Not enforced

And it is not only the life and safety of the seamen that are insufficiently safeguarded. The evidence from the crew's quarters, said Lord Merrivale, showed that sufficiently strict attention to ensure reasonable comfort for the ship's company is not at present enforced.

Let us insist that the tragic story of *La Crescenta* shall not have been told in vain. It is for Mr. Runciman to give us a new Merchant Shipping Act which will make the tragedies of the sea fewer and the life of the sailor happier. No one in public life knows better than he does the hardships and dangers of the sea.

He will have the support of every honest shipowner, for it is the bad owner with his overloaded and under-manned ship who drives the good man out of business.

Let him get on with the job and give the sailor men of the mercantile marine as square a deal as the sailor man of the Navy.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Christmas Treason

SING a song of Christmas!
Now it's drawing near,
With its toll of turkeys,
Tidings of good cheer
'Cross the world are wafted,
Save in Italy,
Where a stern Dictator
Bans the Christmas tree!

On all foreign customs,
Even when Yuletide's nigh,
Benito Mussolini
Turns with angry eye;
Young Lilla and Luigi
Must suffer for the Cause,
Now that counter-sanctions
Apply to Santa Claus!

It looks as if little Lilla and her brother Luigi, not to mention their cousins, Enrico and Enrichetta, are in for a lean time, and it may well puzzle them to know how losing their Christmas trees is going to help in winning the war.

But of them it may be said (as of their parents) that it is not theirs to reason why; theirs merely to shout "Viva il Duce!" with true Fascist fervour, remembering that the alternative to a suitable display of enthusiasm is castor oil for Christmas dinner.

Still, even the most loyal of nursery Black Shirts must regret that, in seeking to make the world fit for Neros to live in, Mussolini should have deemed it necessary to cut down their joy-tree with his little hatchet—that two-edged hatchet he is so fond of wielding!

Instead of condemning the Christmas tree as a noxious custom "of purely foreign origin," the Fascists should have followed the example of the Germans, who, during the second-last war to end war, proved conclusively that Shakespeare was the noblest German of them all.

What is the use of being a Dictator if one cannot hire learned professors to show that the first Christmas tree was planted by an ancestor of Mussolini's and the original Father Christmas was Signor Santa da Clauso, a Neapolitan with a patriotic taste for hair oil and spaghetti?

* * *

Many are now feeling sorry for Italian youngsters condemned to a treeless Christmas, but there are others who harbour a secret wish that we, too, had a Benito who would abolish not only Christmas trees but a few other Yuletide customs.

This much is made plain by a rhyme which has arrived, written on the back of a title page torn from Dickens's "Christmas Carol":—

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez" is the favour I demand
When it's Turkey Time in England and its horrors are at hand;
When the prospect of insolvency haunts many fond papas,
And they shiver at the thought of smoking Auntie May's cigars!

Ship me straight away to Timbuctoo or Irak or Oshkosh,
Where a man's not thought a shirker if he doesn't spend his splosh;
Where a Yuletide tax demand-note does not make him tear his hair,
And the tie the wife has chosen he is not compelled to wear!

Ship me somewhere north of Greenland or to distant Hindustan,
Where one's waitress and the postman and the newsboy and the clan
Of uncles, aunts and cousins (twice removed, but still too near!)
Cannot send a burgher bankrupt in the int'rest of "good cheer"!

So "Bravo, Mussolini!" He, at least, has made a start
To frame the Yuletide policy I long have had at heart;
And if to further bans on Christmas joys he should resort,
From Ebenezer Scrooge he'll win the heartiest support!

A cup of Health

and Sweet Repose

IF you would know just how health-giving and refreshing a night of perfect sleep can be, drink a cupful of delicious 'Ovaltine' just before you go to bed. Let its rich, soothing nourishment calm your restless nerves and promote that physical repose which quickly leads to deep, natural sleep.

Then see how you awake in the morning gloriously alive—completely refreshed and invigorated—with energy renewed to make light of the day's work.

You will realise, like countless thousands of others, why 'Ovaltine' is acknowledged to be the world's best night-cap. You will discover, too, that 'Ovaltine'—even when you make it entirely with milk—is the most economical tonic food beverage. This is due to the exceptionally high quality of its ingredients and the small quantity you need use. ***Quality always tells—insist on***

'OVALTINE'

Health-giving, Health-maintaining, Health-restoring, Health-ensuring.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1'1, 1'10, 3'3

P.189a

A NEW League for CHILDREN

The League of Ovaltineys

MANY thousands of boys and girls in many parts of the country are now thoroughly enjoying themselves with a new kind of pastime. They may be seen exchanging the mysterious signs and signals of the League of Ovaltineys. This League is open only to children, and is sponsored by the proprietors of 'Ovaltine'— the well-known tonic food beverage.

On being admitted a member of the League, the child receives the official rule-book containing details of secret signs, high-signs, signals and code, as well as seven golden rules which every member undertakes to observe. The rules are mainly concerned in ensuring health and fitness, obedience to parents and standards of conduct for everyday life.

At the same time the child is told how to qualify for the handsome bronze badge of membership which identifies him, or her, as a fully fledged Ovaltiney.

The Silver Star

There is also a Silver Star badge which is awarded to members of the League who are able to qualify for it. Those who wear the Silver Star badge are recognised as senior members of the League. They are in a position of authority and are referred to by the younger members for guidance and instruction in the signs, signals and other activities of the League. They are also privileged to organize meetings and form their own particular sections of the League of Ovaltineys.

Parents Welcome the League

The League has been established by the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' with the idea of promoting the health and happiness of children everywhere. Not only are children eager to join the League, but parents welcome it because they appreciate its objects, and the great benefit which 'Ovaltine' confers upon the health and well-being of their children.

How Children can join the League

Any boy or girl, irrespective of age, is eligible to join the League of Ovaltineys, to share all its advantages and to take part in all its activities. There is no charge for membership. Children who wish to join need only fill in the form provided below. On receipt of this the Chief Ovaltiney will send the Official Rule-book and all necessary information.

BOYS AND GIRLS! Fill in the Form below

To the **CHIEF OVALTINEY,**
'Ovaltine' Factory (Dept. 62),
King's Langley, Herts.

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rule book of the League.

Name .....

Address.....Age.....

.....

.....

(Write CLEARLY in **BLOCK** letters)
Post in open envelope—1d. stamp.

AMAZING *Fortune-Telling* FRAUD

THOUSANDS of susceptible women all over the country are living under the spell of professional clairvoyants and fortune-tellers who prey upon their unfortunate credulity. Never before has the menace of the paid seer been so great or so sinister as it is to-day.

Judges and magistrates are constantly denouncing the activities of such charlatans in the most stringent terms, and the Home Office recently urged Scotland Yard and the Chiefs of leading provincial Police Forces to do their utmost to bring the worst offenders before the courts.

We think that an excellent start could be made by the police if they followed up a clue that emerged in a recent case which came before Mr. Ivan Snell, the magistrate at Marylebone Police Court, London.

If this is done, a mass of amazing information can be obtained about certain "mystery women" whom we are satisfied are behind organisations which control a number of charlatan seers.

The case to which we refer, and which has so far escaped the publicity it so obviously calls for, concerns a woman known as "Gipsy Rachel," who until recently conducted a so-called "clairvoyance" establishment in Duke Street, London, W. She was charged with the offence of professing to tell fortunes for monetary gain.

She was well advertised in different parts of the West End of London as "the Original Gipsy Palmist, whose skill is not acquired, but inherent," and she varied her fees according to the length of her "readings" and the financial position of her clients.

"Gipsy Rachel," we say at once, is not a gipsy, and her pretence to inherited occult gifts is just ridiculous. Her real name is Elizabeth Schubert and, before starting as a seer and star-gazer, was actually in business in the East End of London as a wardrobe dealer!

The change in her profession has been an extremely profitable one, though, as we shall later show, the bulk of the proceeds from her new trade has gone into the coffers of a much more scheming woman.

In view of information which reached the authorities, two policewomen dressed in ordinary clothes obtained an appointment with "Gipsy Rachel" at the Duke Street address. They found her richly attired in coloured clothes, surrounded by the usual paraphernalia such as crystals, planchettes, or ouija boards, joss sticks and cards.

Dangerous results

We will not repeat here the ridiculous nonsense which fell from "Gipsy Rachel's" lips while she was holding the hands of the disguised policewomen and gazing into one of her crystals, except to say that it was of a character which might have been followed by very dangerous results had the two clients present been women of the nervy and credulous type who usually consult such charlatans.

For all her supposed gifts, she was unable to divine the real identity of her visitors on this occasion, and must have felt very chagrined when, a few days later, she was summoned to appear at Marylebone Police Court.

It was then that she admitted that she was not working on her own initiative in occult spheres, but was actually in the employ of a "mystery woman" who some time ago told her that big money could be made by fortune-telling on a grand scale, and had induced her to go into it.

The "mystery woman" had taken the apartment in Duke Street and was responsible for the rent. She supplied "Gipsy Rachel" with her joss sticks, crystals, and other paraphernalia, and put her into the premises in the same sort of fashion that an ordinary employer finds and pays for the office accommodation for his employees.

Under the arrangement made between "Gipsy Rachel" and this woman behind the scenes, the latter was to receive fifteen shillings out of every pound made from the exploitation of hypnotised clients, which meant that "Gipsy Rachel" got the remaining five shillings as her remuneration for acting as the other's dummy "Gipsy Advice Specialist."

The lure of the crystal-gazer! Too often its effect upon impressionable women spells tragedy; but charlatans who wax rich by exploiting the occult are seldom deterred by that (A film study)

Before "Gipsy Rachel" commenced her operations, under the mystery woman's directorship, in Duke Street, she had similarly conducted an "Occult parlour" in Bloomsbury.

She was then known by another name, and, after a few months during which she did a brisk trade, Scotland Yard officers descended upon her and caught her making preposterous but highly dangerous prophesies to confiding women clients, many of whom were married and had consulted her without the knowledge of their husbands.

She was charged, as the result of this earlier enquiry, at a local Police Court and fined with a warning that she was pursuing a nefarious line of business which she had better drop at once.

She decided to do so, at first; but the "mystery woman" knew inwardly that Schubert was an excellent medium for her "clairvoyancing" schemes and prevailed upon her to continue from the new address she took for her in Duke Street.

Behind the scenes

Thus the old name was killed and "Gipsy Rachel" came to life in its stead. It was completely under the domination of the "mystery woman" that Elizabeth Schubert was persuaded to start all over again in the fresh name, and to pose as "The Original Gipsy Palmist" with "inherited" powers of occultism.

When he dealt with her at the Marylebone Court, Mr. Ivan Snell said he was horrified to learn that "a certain woman" was employing people like "Gipsy Rachel" in a lucrative business to talk nonsense to foolish women, and he expressed a wish that something could be done to stop her activities.

And, as Schubert, alias "Gipsy Rachel," had taken no notice of the warning given her when she was previously fined, he sent her to jail for a month.

It is clearly a scandalous thing that these "mystery women" should be permitted to carry on their shameless operations from behind the scenes while "dummies" have to take the punishment. We have therefore made it our business to acquaint ourselves with some of their inner activities.

For years one has been known by a number of names, and has latterly resided in a comfortable house in suburban South London.

On occasion, we happen to know, she has had under her wing as many as forty to fifty women of the "Gipsy Rachel" type.

She originally started in the fortune-telling "profession" with a slender capital of a few pounds, but has found the business she now conducts through agents so lucrative that she now owns an expensive motor-car and is able to employ a chauffeur, at the same time financing two separate businesses which have aims far from crystal-gazing and the occult.

Death prophecy

Her name has cropped up on several occasions when "dummies" like "Gipsy Rachel" have been brought before the courts and convicted. Only a few months ago another of her agents was fined for exploiting her mythical occult powers in an Oxford Street apartment where she was installed by this "mystery woman."

Then, at random, there is the case of a middle-aged woman named Edith Franklin who was similarly installed in a room in Rupert Street, London, where she was operating until a month or so ago in the impudent guise of "a Gypsy Palmist."

After two policewomen had visited her establishment in disguise, and she had been summoned, she admitted that she had no occult knowledge, and that her employer was a "mystery woman" who had merely taught her how to "read" a horoscope.

Yet she told her two police visitors a lot of very unpleasant things, and actually prophesied that one of them would die within two years!

The name of the "mystery woman" who was mentioned in the proceedings against Edith Franklin was given by Franklin in evidence.

Curb them!

It was "Madame Anita," who, we can reveal, has been referred to in more than one case of this kind.

Indeed, the name of "Madame Anita" has turned up several times during our recent enquiries into this scandal.

When another of these dangerous women was before Mr. F. O. Langley last summer on a similar charge, he said that he did not think there was any limit to the danger that can be caused by people setting up a deliberate business of pretending to be in touch with the Powers That Be with regard to the future. . . .

And the detective in this case said that nervous and other trouble frequently resulted, as official records at Scotland Yard show, from stupid predictions of illnesses, death and so on.

Quite apart from public dangers of this kind it is obvious, in the interests of all genuine students of psychology and occult science, that it is the "master minds" behind professional palmists like "Gipsy Rachel" who should engage official attention.

Great Christmas Presentation

There would be something missing for our readers at this time of the year if JOHN BULL did not come along with a Big Surprise for them.

As a Christmas Presentation this year JOHN BULL has chosen something very special—*a magnificent 18-piece "Duchess" Tea Service.*

Every piece of this tea service is beautifully designed and modelled in semi-porcelain of a delicate ivory shade, rimmed with coral red, and further enhanced by a dainty silver line.

Here is a Presentation that you will wish to have. But to avoid disappointment you must apply at once on the forms on page 7.

Also in order to introduce JOHN BULL to an even wider circle of readers, JOHN BULL is offering one of these handsome Tea Services not only to you but to a friend.

Turn to pages 6 and 7 and complete and send in your Reservation Forms.

THE SIGN OF GOOD WINES & GOOD SPIRITS

In every home, on all occasions

Gilbey's
WINES & SPIRITS

ODDS-ON COCKTAIL 3/6

W & A Gilbey Ltd.

SPEY ROYAL WHISKY 12/6

INVALID PORT 4/6

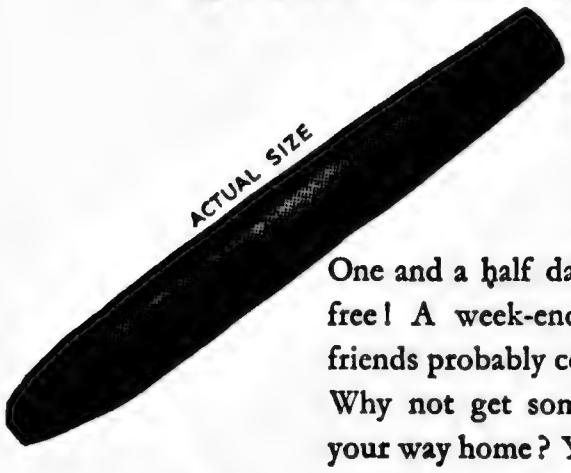
BONITA SHERRY 4/6

RUBICON AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY 4/6

CRYSTAL GIN 12/-

Full list of all our wines and spirits obtainable at all licensed dealers

This Saturday



One and a half days absolutely free! A week-end at home—friends probably coming round. Why not get some Whiffs on your way home? You've surely earned a *luxury* smoke.

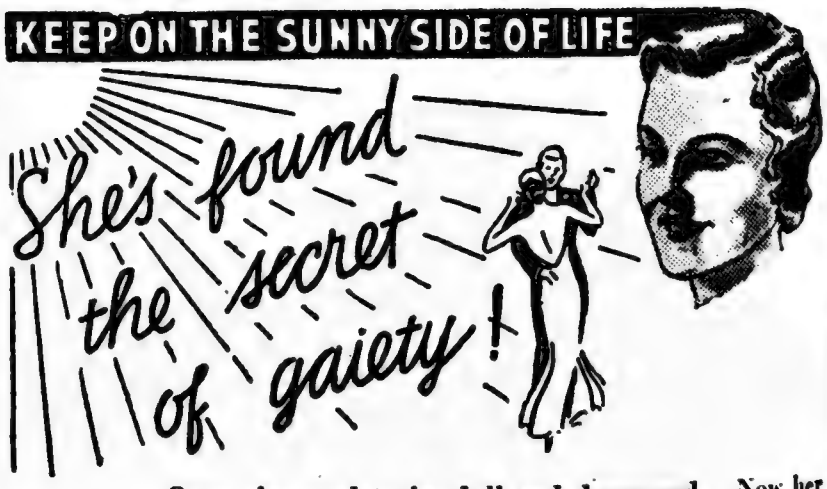
WILLS'S
WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6° 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

W.W.17.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



Once she used to be dull and depressed. Now her cheery smile and high spirits make her welcome everywhere. And the reason is—she keeps *regular*. Not by taking drugs or pills. Not she! Her secret is two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily.

How simple and pleasant it is to keep free from constipation the ALL-BRAN way! Just two tablespoonfuls of this delicious cereal daily with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. For Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the exercise your intestines need—and purifies the blood as well. All grocers sell ALL-BRAN.

Made in Canada
NOW ONLY 7½d. per packet

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

827

SCOUNDRELS with a Pen of Gold

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

AT a meeting of the London Mendicity Society, not long ago, Lord Clifden, the chairman, had some scathing things to say about the prevalence of begging-letter writers.

Talking of their highly imaginative appeals, he remarked that "to pitch the tale high is to honour the victim." Well, that is so, and in order to save my readers from being "honoured" and "victimised," I propose this week to throw some light upon the activities of certain persistent postal mendicants whose appeals, however heartrending, should be rigorously shunned.

The conviction of a woman who lived in style and luxury—"one of the most accomplished beggars in the country"—aptly illustrates this most pernicious form of mendicity which persists in spite of all efforts made to suppress it.

This woman was in the habit of writing to prominent people whenever their names appeared in the newspapers, or if they happened to be the beneficiaries under wills.

Quite shameless in her attitude, she affected a dignified poverty and, according to her touting letters, was usually "threatened with eviction," or in danger of being committed to prison on account of debt.

Steady income

It is estimated that she made not less than £300 a year by means of cleverly worded appeals for help and sympathy, whilst she dwelt in comfort—an undischarged bankrupt!

It will doubtless surprise many of my readers to learn that the extraction of cheques and postal-orders through the post can be reduced to such a fine art.

But an insight into the activities of an individual named Frederick Wylie, alias Avery, alias "George Eachus," reveals a protracted campaign with tentacles which spread from London to Yorkshire, Cumberland, Oxfordshire and Suffolk.

Avery does not work alone. He is the principal in a band whose operations are most manifest about Christmastide.

His letters are masterpieces of the professional cadger's art. He is able to emulate the simple, honest man, and to imbue his multiple epistles with the note of sincerity.

He usually follows up his letters—sent out from an accommodation or fictitious address—with a personal call upon his selected victim, whom he proceeds to relieve of hard cash with the utmost audacity.

Writing from an address in Walworth Road, London, the other day, he made his appeal to a man holding a responsible position, who has been known frequently to assist others in dire distress.

Here is a letter that is typical of his style:—

"Sir,—I sincerely hope you will pardon me addressing this letter to you, as a West Hartlepool man. I was paid off to come to London in search of employment, and have got a situation to start, but owing to unemployment and illness I had to sell my tools, and now I have got a situation, but no tools to start with.

"So I ventured to ask you if you would care to assist me to purchase a few second-hand tools, for, if so, I could then start work. If you could do me this favour, any assistance granted me (if any) I will repay out of my first week's pay.

"With my apologies if I have offended you by asking, I remain, Sir, awaiting your reply, yours truly, T. Avery."

The letter is one of a sheaf in similar handwriting, sent out in different

"To pitch the tale high is to honour the victim," says Lord Clifden. This article is published to save the public from this doubtful honour

names, to a retired General, resident in London, a titled lady living in Oxfordshire, a clergyman in the Eastern Counties, and to a millionaire whose name is a household word.

The manner of presenting the bogus and utterly fictitious request is the same in each case; the only difference being that the writer varies the place names at will, sometimes claiming to be a native of West Hartlepool, at other times to be either from Suffolk or from Carlisle.

One such letter, addressed to a wealthy woman, is penned as from a G.P.O. in the Western Central District, London, and according to it "George Eachus" has an only relative, a sister married to a missionary in South Japan.

The letter proves, on examination, to be from the notorious "Wylie" in one of his other names, while the same may be said of a letter originating from a cottage which is vacant in County Terrace Street, London. With such letters he often sends communications from genuine firms to whom he has applied for posts, thereby adding an added touch of sincerity to his appeals.

But Wylie seldom allows time for an answer to be dispatched, for within an hour or two of the delivery of his fabricated "appeal," he is to be found knocking at the door. In cases where he has sent supposed references with his appeal he usually contrives to get them back; it is then found that his actual appeals bear no address at all.

Well-phrased

Now it will be noted that the letter I have reproduced above is most carefully phrased. The frequent repetition of the word "tools" brings to the imagination thoughts of a persevering artisan; the plea "search for employment," and the tragic note in "unemployment and illness," stamps it at first sight as coming from a deserving man.

With most people, the hypocritical promise, "I will repay," clinches the resolution to help. And by claiming to be a native of a specific town, as he always does, "Mr. T. Avery" makes an immediate call upon the sympathies of the intended victim, who may forget that reference books in any public library probably reveal a little personal history.

He is an old hand at the game, and is particularly active just now. I would warn my readers that he claims to be an ex-Service man, too, posing alternately as a former member of the Royal Tank Corps, the Manchester Regiment, and the Border Regiment. Yet it is significant that when official organisations set out to investigate his pretensions some years ago he disappeared.

Three years ago Wylie was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences in the way I related, though this spell in jail certainly does not seem to have cured him.

Whilst he was actually in prison for his misdeeds, his career of cunning and fraud temporarily suspended, an unexpected sidelight was thrown upon the organisation of the begging-letter racket.

Letters which were suspiciously similar to those which Wylie was known to have favoured were still being sent out from accommodation addresses he had often used. Only the handwriting was different!

Ask first

When an investigation was made, the author of this batch of pleading epistles was discovered to be an ex-convict.

He was an individual who had served numerous sentences of imprisonment for forgery, and there is little doubt that he shared many interests with Wylie.

It is obviously impossible for me to include all the names which are adopted by begging-letter writers in this article. Every name in the directory has been used at some time or other with more or less conspicuous success.

Those who may be in any doubt about letters they receive should not hesitate to consult either the Charity Organisation Society or the London Mendicity Society. Either body will gladly advise them as to their genuineness or otherwise.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell

OUR FEARS

A BOOK I have just read on right thinking has for its subject the abolition of fear. The writer says everyone is afraid of something, and that if we could only get rid of our fears we should get rid of nearly all our unhappiness.

This is only one of many treatises which teach the same doctrine, or try to. Over and over again we are told that there is nothing to fear but fear.

This is all very well, but it is not in human nature to secure complete immunity from fear without recourse to a power higher than human nature. Faith can conquer fear if it be strong enough.

There is something stronger still, and that is love—though the two are not distinct. The Bible tells us that "perfect love casteth out fear." This is usually thought of as meaning the faith and love whose object is God; and so it does, but it does not mean that alone.

We have all seen wonderful things done by faith and love as between one human being and another. Human nature is glorified thereby. See how a man's confidence in a brother man will stimulate him to take the most daring risks for the sake of an end he is told he can achieve, as when Roger Keyes led his forlorn hope to seal up a wasps' nest that was destroying us.

Or see how a great love in a woman's heart will enable her to bear the burden of twenty for the sake of husband or child and keep silent about her self-sacrifice.

Yet how different we are in our fears! The same man may be physically brave and a moral coward. Not often, I admit, but sometimes, as police court cases prove. Just because he dared not face the truth about himself and his circumstances many a man with good stuff in him has gone under through taking a wrong path.

On the other hand, what courage is shown in extremity by the most unlikely people! A person I knew well years ago seemed to be merely a bundle of nerves—ever shrinking from danger, ever ready to cry out at the onset of trouble, ever prone to self-pity from little privations.

Then, one day, came the news that this same person had fallen victim to deadly disease and that the end was only a matter of time. Never have I seen greater fortitude, greater thoughtfulness for others, greater patience and tenderness under affliction.

The change of disposition was totally unexpected. It was simply a triumph of faith and love, a drawing upon moral reserves that were there all the time. It had needed a tremendous crisis to bring them out—nothing less indeed than the impending loss of everything that had hitherto been counted dear. Then how grandly the sufferer behaved!

The same capacity is in us all. There is not a man or woman reading these words who could not rise above fear if the best in them were challenged. They do not know till they are tested what reserves of spiritual strength and greatness of soul they possess. Nothing would daunt them if they could but see clearly what is best worth living and dying for.

And whatever it is you fear most, believe me, it would vanish like a shadow if you could but realise that the mightiest thing on earth is the soul that has escaped from selfishness and trusts in God.

Flat Trickster's Snare

ONE of the most troublesome petty tricksters operating in this country at the present time is a man who is known by something like sixty different names.

A typical instance of his roguery can be given in the story of a woman who recently advertised for a flat and received a reply from this many-named impostor written on notepaper giving an address in North London.

The writer stated that he was shortly leaving London on a long business visit abroad, and was desirous of letting his flat to a desirable tenant who was in a position to pay a good rent.

The man, who passed as usual in one of his aliases, after he had obtained the confidence of the woman, mentioned that there was one stipulation which he must impose. That was that she must purchase the fittings, etc., which he was willing to dispose of for a little more than £15.

In order to expedite matters, he asked for the cheque there and then, and, believing him to be genuine, she handed it over. Then he disappeared.

The flat in question was one which he had only recently rented himself, and the fittings which he disposed of in the manner in which we have described did not, of course, belong to him at all.

Others should take warning and be on their guard against him.

"Tells you in time the time to recharge"

R.125

Exide

'INDICATOR'

RADIO BATTERY

"Still keeps going when the rest have stopped"

Ask your dealer for the new Exide G.F.G.4—C Battery 10/6.

For wireless H.T. get **Drydex** the Exide dry battery

Obtainable from Exide Service Stations and all reputable dealers. EXIDE BATTERIES, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester.

Branches: London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast.

Men, Women & Children need IRON JELLOIDS!

Do you know your body should contain enough IRON to make a "tenpenny" nail (about 2½ ins. long)?

That is if you are to be in vigorous health, and able to resist colds, influenza and disease. But statistics show that you are most probably IRON-STARVED. Doctors say that only very few people have sufficient IRON in their blood to maintain them in vigorous health.

IRON is more precious than GOLD!

You can live, and even be wealthy without gold. But without IRON you would die. And if your blood is IRON-STARVED you can never be the strong, vigorous, happy man or woman you should be. For over forty years, doctors have recommended that *everyone* — man, woman and child — should take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' every now and then. For IRON 'JELLOIDS' enrich the blood with strengthening IRON in its pleasantest and most easily assimilable form.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' do not blacken the teeth or upset the digestion. In fact, their immediate effect is to improve appetite and digestion. And as your blood absorbs the strengthening IRON they contain, you will soon begin to feel a steady gain in your health, energy and spirits.

Everyone can afford IRON 'JELLOIDS.' The 3/- size lasts 36 days, the 1/3 size, 10 days. *Start your first 3/- box to-day!*

Iron Jelloids

Give you the strength only IRON can give

Of all Chemists: 3/- *(36 days' treatment)* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

FOR MEN: No. 2a

Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two large boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR WOMEN: No. 2

The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1

Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

Would You like a Cheque for £20?

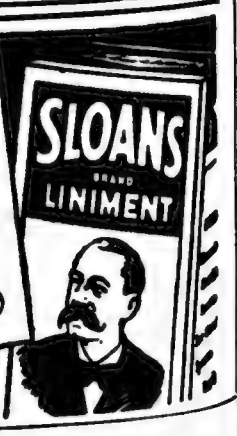
5 separate prizes of £20 must be won in a free, unique and fascinating Competition of "Fitting Phrases" which appear in this issue.

Turn to Pages 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35.

RHEUMATISM

Thousands of sufferers are thankful for the comfort and relief Sloans brings. It never fails to kill the pain. No rubbing required. Try it. 1/9 per bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

SLOANS



The Romeo Rogue

His JULIET Gets ROBBED

AN increasing number of innocent women are being victimised by unscrupulous scoundrels who, after brief periods of courtship, under a promise of marriage, rob their victims of savings, jewellery or anything else on which they can lay their hands.

Our letter-bag contains proof week by week that this insidious form of "love" racketeering is definitely on the increase.

In some instances which have been brought to our notice the unsuspecting woman has gone through the marriage ceremony, only to find, too late, that her "husband" has committed bigamy.

One of the most unscrupulous of these "marriage" racketeers is a man of sixty-five named Ernest Alfred Yeates. He has "married" no less than seven women whom he has robbed of many hundreds of pounds.

He has committed bigamy in England, Scotland, Canada and the United States. His last victim is a Southampton woman, whom he first attracted with an advertisement in which he stated that he would like to meet a middle-aged woman with small capital with a view to early marriage.

This unfortunate woman parted with £500, only to learn four weeks later that her "husband" was a notorious bigamist.

Among his previous exploits is one at Bath, where he married a woman, took £1,000 of her money, and then deserted her. In America and Canada he has exploited unsuspecting women in the same callous manner, his stock-in-trade being a winning smile or plausible tongue.

The girl or woman in the case is only too anxious to help her new-found sweetheart, unaware that her lover is a callous crook

Others at large

Now, as a result of his latest exploit, he has gone to penal servitude for five years, but many other crooked lovers, whose methods are almost identical, are still at large.

Meanwhile, there is yet another class who may draw the line at bigamy, but who are equally heartless in their operations.

Typical of the latter type is Arthur Albert Collier, aged thirty-five, whose latest victim is a London waitress.

This young woman had made the acquaintance of Collier by means of an advertisement, a matter which she was soon to regret.

After a few meetings Collier complimented his victim on a bracelet she was wearing, and asked her to lend it to him so that he could have a copy of it made to send to his sister in California.

He promptly pawned the bracelet. Later he met this young woman and told her that his wallet had been stolen and promptly borrowed money.

Then he disappeared, leaving his victim thoroughly disillusioned.

Collier, who is a married man with two children, had been victimising women in many parts of the country for months. His method is to insert the following advertisement in local papers:

"Young Gentleman, U.S.A. University graduate, wishes young lady friend; genuine, sincere, with view to marriage. Please send photograph."

Then he sends out replies to each applicant saying that she is the only girl chosen. As a means of gaining confidence he explains that his people are ranchers in a big way in California and that he is coming into money.

We warned the public not long ago against a similar type of scoundrel, Ronald Austin Harper, and the fact that he has since been sentenced to twelve months' hard labour on charges of obtaining money by false pretences shows that our action was well justified.

Harper, a suave young man of twenty-three, was a married man, but this fact did not prevent him from promising to marry a South London young woman who had accepted his word that he was single

This unfortunate young woman, at his persuasion, drew £300 from her bank and gave it to Harper, who was to invest it as a preliminary to the forthcoming marriage.

Many dupes

Not content with taking practically all the money the girl had, he stole some Savings Certificates from her, which he promptly exchanged for cash before he "disappeared."

Our information shows that this callous young trickster had been finding dupes among too trusting young women for several months past.

He went from Sheffield to Nottingham and then southwards to London and Brighton, invariably finding victims who gave him sums varying from £10 to £100, according to their means.

These are but three instances of the methods used by these unblushing and scandalous crook lovers who prey on the unsuspecting women who put trust in them.

There are scores of such matrimonial tricksters whose campaign habitually begins with a "personal" advertisement in a local newspaper in which the crook mentions that he is a young man anxious to find a suitable woman companion "View to marriage" is invariably the bait.

Sometimes the advertiser will pose as a business man of standing, or as a retired Army or Naval officer, or, in fact, as a member of any profession or calling which indicates that he is well-to-do.

Often notorious matrimonial agencies, so-called friendship circles or matrimonial newspapers are used as a sure medium of getting in touch with likely victims.

Invariably the "love" crook is a man of pleasing appearance, well-dressed and possessed of considerable charm of manner. At first he gains confidence by spending money lavishly on entertaining his woman victim.

Then, shortly afterwards, he plays his cards with considerable skill. First he may apologise because an expected cheque has not arrived and "reluctantly" agrees to borrow a little money for a few days.

A warning

There are a dozen excuses for taking his victim's money; sometimes it is for the purpose of an investment which "cannot go wrong."

The girl or woman in the case is only too anxious to help her new-found sweetheart, and readily parts with money or jewellery on one pretext or another.

Then comes an awful day when the girl realises that her "hero" is nothing but a callous crook who has exploited her affections and then disappeared. Often she learns at a later date that he was a married man!

Every week in London and the provinces our records show that women are being victimised in this shameful fashion, and for each of these crooked lovers who is sent to prison there are scores who escape the net of justice.

This is largely due to the reluctance of women who have been exploited to inform the police that they have suffered at the hands of a heartless love swindler.

Many advertisement managers are scrupulously careful about accepting matrimonial announcements; some exclude them altogether; but there are others who are not so watchful.

Our hope is that this warning will place women on their guard and make the exploits of the crook lover more difficult.

SHAM PRINCE IN CLOVER

THERE is no limit to the brazen impudence of the bogus princes in exile who have sought a pleasant refuge in this country.

One of the leading lights of this fraternity is Prince Milo of Montenegro, whose amazing exploits have previously been mentioned in these columns.

Now he has crowned his audacious exploits by appearing at the luncheon in honour of the Chinese Art Exhibition, which was attended by such distinguished personages as Lord Allenby, Lord Lytton, the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Chinese Ambassador.

How "Prince Milo," whose claim to be a Royal Prince in exile we have previously exploded, contrived to gain entry as such to this distinguished gathering is a mystery.

It is not long since the Legation found it necessary to issue an official disclaimer to the effect that this comic-opera prince was in no way justified in using such a title.

In spite of this, "Prince Milo," otherwise plain Mr. Milo Petrovitch, the son of a Customs House official on the Montenegrin frontier, manages to impose on titled people and other members of Society.

There is something fantastic in the ease with which this charlatan has obtained admission to social functions where he has rubbed shoulders with ambassadors, bishops and the aristocracy.

Unfortunately, "Prince" Milo is but one of a number of smooth-tongued impostors who are enjoying their "exile" in England, and we think the authorities might well consider the possibility of making it an offence for an alien to use any other title than that which appears on their passport.

Were such legislation introduced it would certainly make it difficult for an individual arriving at Dover as plain Mr. Milo Petrovitch to blossom forth shortly afterwards as "Prince Milo."

And it would also have the effect of limiting the activities of other shady individuals in using bogus titles.

SECRETS of the F

GO down Whitehall and turn into Downing Street any of these winter evenings and, no matter how late it is, you will find along the dark, untenanted vista of State offices one building where the lights still burn.

That building is the Foreign Office—the State Department of ours whose cool efficiency is the envy of the diplomatic world.

From the windows which face the closed quadrangle so strangely like the heart of a fortress, from the windows which stare across the misty distances of the Park to Buckingham Palace or across to Downing Street, the lights burn on whatever the hour when a world crisis comes like that created by Mussolini's war in Abyssinia.

Up Whitehall the First Lord sleeps behind the shuttered front of the Admiralty building, and in the whole structure only two people may be awake—the "duty officer" and the man in the wireless room on the roof, from where invisible threads reach out to the grey ships silently laid in harbour, or out patrolling the far waters.

Across the way at the War Office, locked and silent, only one light burns—in the telephone room where lines go out to the camps and barracks and cantonments sleeping under the wintry moon.

But at the Foreign Office just at present—as indeed they have been for months past—the gates are open and some of the shrewdest minds in diplomacy are awake the night through.

Within that gloomy quadrangle there is a continual going to and fro of messengers and telegraph boys. Inside the building cable machines and telewriters are chattering, men hurrying along its maze of corridors from room to room where other men are working under the electric lights crouched over papers . . . reading, writing, talking.

From there the wires go out not to sleeping ships and camps, but to chancelleries, embassies, consulates, foreign offices, where there are other men awake planning, talking, writing.

Aloof and secret

Outside in deserted Whitehall the newsbills fluttering under wan arc lights are screaming "Crisis."

"Mussolini's latest threat," says one—"America warns Japan," says another, and so on.

And behind the lit windows of the Foreign Office near by are the men who are quietly grappling with these crises, who know of them long before they reach the newsbills.

Who are these men? How do they know? What do they do, when they know?

To answer these questions is to tell the story, as far as it can be told, of the organisation of the most aloof and secretive of all the Departments of the State. . . .

The Foreign Office has always occupied a rather paradoxical position in the judgment of outside observers. The average foreigner has always believed that our F.O. officials are men of almost diabolical cleverness; the average Briton, on the other hand, has generally believed that its jobs are held by elegant young men of the Etonian type, impeccable in manners but indifferent in intelligence, who are only saved by successive miracles of luck from being bested at all conferences by the subtler foreign diplomats.

The truth is that if the foreigner is not entirely correct in his view, the average Briton is entirely wrong.

Partly, it is the strangeness, the difference between the British F.O. organisation and that of almost all other countries, which accounts for the foreigner's suspicions. Let us take one radical point of routine.

In France and most other countries which work their foreign offices on the *chef de cabinet* principle, every scrap of information which comes into the office—whether it is a mere formal communication or a vital despatch—goes first to the head of the department concerned, who passes it *downwards* to his subordinates to be dealt with.

In Britain it is the exact reverse. Everything comes in the first place to "clerks" in the departments, who pass the correspondence *upwards*.

And, so far from their work being limited to noting the receipt of the material, they are encouraged and expected to make suggestions and even to advise the course of action on the minute sheets attached to the documents they send up to their seniors.

These "clerks," of course, are the "First Division" men, material of which future Ambassadors and Under-Secretaries are made.

How it is done

Let us follow our imaginary "crisis" communication from its beginning through all its stages of handling in the Foreign Office.

First, let us say, the British Ambassador in such and such a country learns that it contemplates a certain action on which it wishes to know British opinion. The Ambassador puts the whole story into a cipher telegram and transmits it to London.

At the F.O. the wire goes first to "Communications Department," where it is deciphered. The experts there take about three minutes a word to turn the message into plain language.

From there it passes to Registry, where it is given a number for index purposes, copied and placed in a docket with minute sheets attached.

Sometimes a précis is also dictated and pinned to the docket. At the same time any previous communications or other material bearing on the subject matter is looked out in the Library, and then the whole lot goes along to the Department concerned.

All this may seem a lengthy and time-wasting procedure. Actually so efficient is the organisation that a communication can reach its Department for attention within half an hour of being deciphered.

At the Department the junior sees it first and passes it up to the "head," who usually takes action, dictating the appropriate reply to be sent out to the Ambassador and communicated through him to the Government in question.

If in doubt the departmental head goes to the Deputy Permanent Under-Secretary of State. If *he* is in doubt the material is then put before the Permanent Under-Secretary, *who has plenary powers to do anything*—subject, of course, to the approval of the Secretary of State.

The present Permanent Under-Secretary is Sir Robert Vansittart. He holds that post, whatever Foreign Secretaries come and go. He is for all practical purposes the head of the F.O. and through his hands pass all the threads of Britain's foreign policy.

He is fiftyish, and still writes polished and passionate verse—when he is not handling international crises. He conceals a warm if whimsical humour behind a rather saturnine demeanour. To many foreign politicians he is Machiavelli and Mephistopheles rolled into one.

Each morning Sir Robert goes into the Foreign Secretary's room to report work in hand and obtain "approvals."

What happens in that room can be rendered roughly as follows:

Selecting the first document on the pile before him, he states the subject and says: "I have done so-and-so; do you approve?" "Yes," usually replies the Foreign Secretary. Or Sir Robert may say: "I propose so-and-so; do you approve?" And so, brief statement and brief reply, he works down through the pile. But always that ritualistic question, "Do you approve?"

Occasionally the Foreign Secretary may say "No."

The "No's" are at once laid aside to be returned to at the end for discussion.

But usually Sir Robert gets his "Yes" at the end. His tremendous knowledge, backed by the weight of the experts behind him, generally persuades even the most obstinate of Foreign Secretaries that the

Through his hands pass all the threads of Britain's intricate foreign policy—Sir Robert Vansittart, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office

OREIGN OFFICE

Few people realise that the centre of British diplomacy—the Foreign Office—has such a charming setting, overlooking St. James's Park

How It Faces a World Crisis

"office" course on any given subject is the best one to adopt.

It is these experts, the permanent civil servants—first, second and third secretaries, counsellors, "clerks," etc., who *are* the F.O. and who really run the foreign affairs of this country. The Foreign Secretary is, generally speaking, mainly responsible in Parliament and to the country for the decisions which *they* take, and many of which he may know nothing about in detail.

One of the most interesting points about these experts is the fewness of their number. Altogether, and including fifty-two posts held abroad, there are only one hundred and ninety of them. This is a much smaller executive staff than that of any other great Power in the world.

All of the hundred and ninety have entered the Foreign Office by way of the Civil Service Commissioners' Examination, which is generally regarded as about the stiffest test of scholarship and intelligence that has ever been devised.

But to enter the Foreign Office most of them have had to take special subjects and training not covered in the ordinary Civil Service Examination. Many have passed in through Scoones, the famous crammers in Garrick Street, London, now run by M. Turquet, an extraordinary "School for Diplomats," where budding F.O. entrants are trained in languages and in some of the necessities of political diplomacy.

At one time the Foreign Office and the Diplomatic Service were separate and the entrant stayed for ever in the particular Service to which he was drafted. One meant life-long exile, the other meant life-long office work. But now the two Services are merged and the entrant serves, as a general rule, two years in the Foreign Office for every four years passed at one of our Embassies abroad.

At the Foreign Office itself there are about fourteen separate departments, to any of which an official may be posted. All the work is spread among these departments, each of which represents (as far as the political departments are concerned) separate spheres of the world.

For instance, Central handles Belgium, Dantzig, France, Germany, Luxemburg, Poland, and such matters of general European interest as War Debts, and the execution of Peace Treaties.

Six men

This department has five "clerks," all of whose names are unknown to the general public, and at its head is Mr. R. F. Wigram, C.M.G. For all intents and purposes six men are responsible for all the vast amount of work which is implied in the mention of the names of those countries handled.

Occasionally a crisis, or extra pressure of work, may lead to the increase or the division of a department. For instance, the Egyptian, which last year had a personnel of four and was responsible for Africa, Egypt, Eritrea, Ethiopia, French and Italian Somaliland, Liberia, Libya and Sudan, has because of the Italo-Abyssinian war been split into two departments and trebled in the number of its personnel.

Head of this Department is Mr. Maurice D. Peterson, a man of strong personality and forthright expression, who represents the new type of diplomat, as far as possible removed from the suave "drawing-room" type of the novelist's imagination.

But the newspapers knew him not until last year, when he plunged into the stormy whirlpool of Egyptian politics. Then, acting as High Commissioner, he "suggested" to King Fuad that he should at once sack his favourite Ibrashi Pasha, who, although a mere Household Treasurer, was usurping the functions of the Prime Minister and "bossing" the country.

To-day the world knows Maurice Peterson as the F.O.'s Abyssinia expert.

It was he who went over to Paris in early December, and in conjunction with his opposite number at the Quai d'Orsay, evolved what the country knows as the Hoare-Laval plan.

A similar type is R. L. Craigie, even less known than Maurice Peterson. Craigie is head of the American Department. He hates publicity, and even among the reticent Foreign Office officials is known as "the oyster."

He is the F.O.'s Naval expert and authority on disarmament. He was the British delegate at the German Navy talks last year, and it was his months of painstaking, accurate work in the Franco-Italian talks which have preceded the great Naval Conference which is now sitting.

Craigie is an "office man," super efficient, of the kind that is more at home among files and statistics than at glittering, bemedalled receptions.

But it is perhaps among the non-political departments where the work is most curious and interesting.

The Treaty Department, run by a personnel of thirteen, handles the most extraordinary mixture of jobs, ranging from formal procedure in connection with Treaties, etc., down to Prize Courts, extraditions, and even such strange matters as "Deportations; Foreign Lunatics."

This department also deals with all matters of ceremonial and diplomatic privilege. If a ship's captain is awarded a decoration by a foreign Government it is the Treaty Department which must give him formal sanction before he is allowed to wear it. Its power in this respect goes back to that stern old lady, Queen Elizabeth, who once declared: "My dogs shall wear no collars but mine own!"

This department also settles the form of the letters which the King sends to other Sovereigns announcing such events as births, marriages or deaths in the Royal Family.

Nerve-centre

Such letters preserve a strange and ancient phraseology, which is varied according to the rank or status of the monarch addressed. A letter by His Majesty addressed to another king to whom he is not related, begins, "Sir, My Brother," and it ends with, "Sir, My Brother, Your Majesty's Good Brother."

It is the Communications Department which has perhaps the most dramatic and most secret work to do, and is also the busiest at a critical time like the present.

It handles all incoming news, runs the cipher sections, and arranges all the messenger and bag services. King's Messengers are attached to it, coming back to it always after journeys abroad.

It has the largest personnel of any department, about thirty in normal times, but to-day, with crisis after crisis breaking upon the world, the floods of cipher dispatches pouring in every hour of the day and night, its numbers have been doubled.

It is the nerve-centre of the Foreign Office, its gateway and chief contact with the outer world.

Its work is, of course, exceptionally "Hush, hush," and its officials cling to an anonymity more complete than that of any other Foreign Office officials.

Cipher geniuses

But among them are the acknowledged cipher geniuses of the world, the slightly uneasy envy of some foreign Governments who would be glad to own men of such proved capacity and experience.

It was one of our Foreign Office experts, now retired, who once calmly declared that there was no cipher invented which could survive one week of scrutiny, and that the average was, indeed, about twenty-four to forty-eight hours!

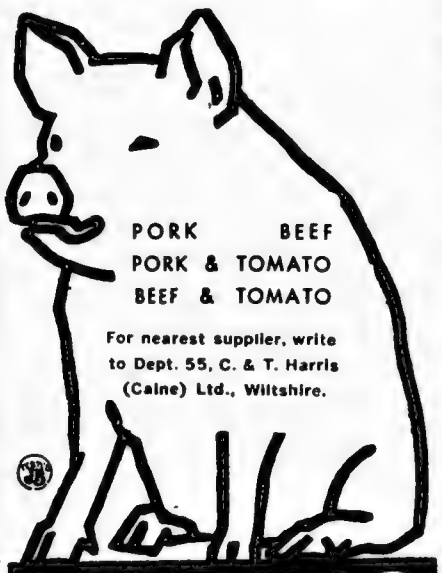
But, of course, the chief work of these experts is to protect our own ciphers and to devise continually new ones which are "unbreakable" for the periods for which they are in use.

It is in the cipher office where the brightest lights are burning these nights, as hour by hour the cipher news of this and that development in a crisis pours in.

But beyond them are the rest of the hundred and ninety scholars who have faced and dealt with the problems raised long before the man in the street reads of them in his newspaper.

Bacon cures to H.M. The King
BY APPOINTMENT

For those who appreciate the difference between ordinary Sausages and very special Sausages



PORK BEEF
PORK & TOMATO
BEEF & TOMATO

For nearest supplier, write to Dept. 55, C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., Wiltshire.

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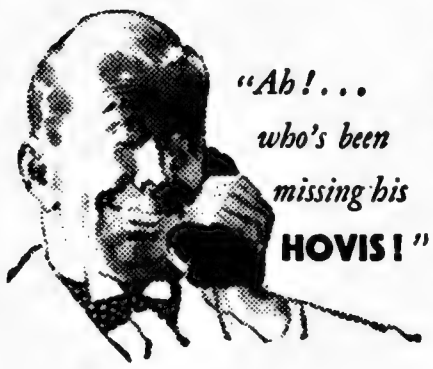
As good as their famous bacon

"Manufacturers of the celebrated Harris brands of reliable foodstuffs."



"Ah!... who's been missing his HOVIS!"

Digestive disorders and faulty nutrition often make you feel irritable and out-of-sorts. But HOVIS is a fine corrective.

Had your HOVIS *today?*

—*there's* STRENGTH *in every* SLICE

Macclesfield

HOUSE of DARKNESS

—and how I Solved its Riddle

"I opened the door slowly—then, to my horror, I saw him lying by the window"

I FIRST saw the old dark house on a stormy December night four eventful years ago. I was afraid, as I had never been afraid before, and I would have run from it for ever if desperation had not driven me on.

To-day, I can smile at my girlish fears, for it was in that old dark house perched on the top of a Cornish head that my whole life was to change so dramatically and my present happiness was destined to come to me. I say "destined" purposely—for I know now that those things were meant to be....

My adventure began in a London domestic agency where my name had been on the register of applicants for some time as "an experienced and pleasant-natured housekeeper; young and healthy." I was just twenty-five, and bewildered in my search for my first job, for ever since I had left school I had kept house for my father.

But those days were gone; my father was dead. I was desperate for work, and the only work I knew was running a home as economically and cheerfully as possible. I had no references; it was impossible to prove my capabilities by written recommendations. I could only keep trying—and hoping.

Then, one morning the kindly woman at the agency asked me if I would like to go to South Cornwall. The money offered seemed to me extraordinarily generous, and if I accepted I was required to travel down the very next day. There was no doubt about my accepting it, even although I learned that my prospective employer (I'll call him Mr. Hayter) was an elderly gentleman, rather "difficult" and by way of a crank, who had long since exhausted the local supply of housekeepers, but who had in his service a girl in her 'teens who acted as a kitchen-maid but cycled home every night to the neighbouring village.

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AND so I arrived one dark winter's evening at Penzanoe and waited an hour and a half before getting the local bus which would take me within walking distance of Trevick House, my destination.

When I alighted in the village the place had the appearance of being sound asleep behind shuttered windows. The driver of the bus, who was also the conductor, saw I was a stranger, and asked me if I had much farther to go. I told him, and he looked at me keenly, with a hint of sympathy in his eyes, and directed me to the house.

"And it's a fair stretch," he added, shaking his head. "Better leave your case at the bus office till the morning. The carrier'll bring it up to you."

That bit of friendliness helped me more than the young man could ever have dreamed. I set off, walking into a storm of wind and sleet, wishing with every miserable step that I would waken up and find it was all a nightmare.

At the end of what passed for a roadway, up on the wind-swept headlands, I saw a light gleaming through some stunted bushes. Shivering now with trepidation I groped my way up a dark, dank drive, and so came to the old house, the back of which faced me, with the front rooms overlooking the sea beyond.

The light was from the kitchen window; and when I knocked nervously on the door I heard quick feet on a tiled floor and a chain being dropped.

A voice, shrill and childish, asked me my business. When I said I was the new housekeeper I heard a bolt being drawn, and the door opened slowly to let the light from an oil-lamp split the darkness about me.

"Come in," I was invited; the door opened farther, and I saw that it was a young girl behind it, the local kitchen-maid, Jenny.

She proved a kind little soul once I got inside in the warm and removed my wet things.

She hurried to make me some supper, talking all the time, telling me random details about the house and its owner, and that Mr. Hayter was in bed but would see me at breakfast, which he took every morning at quarter-past seven.

"And not a minute earlier or later, Miss!" she warned me gravely.

Then she proceeded to explain, while she buttoned herself into an oilskin coat for the journey home, that:

"The master's got his moods, but is all right if you don't cross him. He spends most of the day pottering about in the walled-garden or sitting in the west window reading the names of passing ships.

"He's a bit cranky that way, Miss," she explained, screwing her snub nose up. "Sits staring through a great telescope and taking notes of ships in a book he keeps beside him on a small table. Calls it his log-book, and heaven protect the body that moves any of those things out of place."

The following morning I met this strange old man. He was frail and seemed harmless and gentle. In his younger days he must have been a gigantic figure, but now he was stooped and shrunken and white-haired, and there was a sadness haunting his brown eyes

During that first breakfast with him I kept asking myself how he had earned the name of being a bit of an "ogre." He was friendly and confiding, telling me how he had been a widower for twelve years, how he had been a farmer and grazier, how everybody in the neighbourhood misjudged him and seemed to think that he was either mad or a miser or a wizard or all three rolled into one.

"That's what happens to a lonely old man," he sighed. "I've nobody now. I had a son." He paused, then he said so fiercely that I started: "But not now—there's nobody at all now."

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THAT evening he came into the sitting-room where the west window was—a great, ceiling-high bow-window—while I was making up the fire. He shouted something behind me, and when I turned, still on my knees, I saw him rushing across the room to draw the curtains over the window so that not a chink of light could escape.

"I'll warn you now" he told me, wagging a finger at me angrily, "that not a light must be shown in the front of this house after darkness. Remember—not a solitary gleam! I sacked my last two housekeepers for wilfully disobeying me."

He hurried to the door; then he stopped. "I suppose you'll think me mad, too," he shouted and went out to bang the door behind him.

He had many other queer ways. But I quickly saw that he was harmless if handled properly. My first week passed, and my early fears quietened down. I remarked to him one morning that it was only a fortnight from Christmas, and asked if he had any special plans for then.

I think I see him yet, growing purple in the face, stuttering over his rush of words, and telling me that Christmas meant nothing to him, nothing! And that if I dared ask him for time off during the festive season I would never darken his threshold again.

His ill-nature angered me to retort.

(Continued on page 26)

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories

LAST TIME I WAS HERE YOU LOOKED FIT FOR NOTHING. NOW YOU LOOK BURSTING WITH HEALTH. WHAT'S THE SECRET?
NO SECRET MADAM, JUST BOURN-VITA!

Soon after that we received this letter:

Dear Sir,

I cannot tell you how delighted I am with Bourn-vita. My work as a tailoress requires every bit of energy that I have, and until a few weeks ago I did not know how to carry on, I felt so tired and listless. Then my mother saw your offer of Bourn-vita and sent for a sample tin, and I found that, besides bucking me up, it soothed my nerves, which were always on edge.

I am advising my friends to take Bourn-vita, the energy builder, and so do as I do, making every night a Bourn-vita night.

I am, yours faithfully

(signed) Miss M. B.

last night's

BOURN-VITA

is helping her now!

YOU TOO will find that Bourn-vita aids digestion, induces sound sleep, and enables you to wake up full of energy. Because it does this, and is also a very nourishing food, it is wonderful value for money. *A ½lb. tin costs only 9d.*

Bourn-vita is a CADBURY product

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 39.

Roast Turkey—

is nicer with

MUSTARD

—Colman's Mustard

THE DROOPS were in his office at 11 a.m.

—so they had TEA

Mr. T. Pott says 'Tea drives the Droops away'

THINGS begin to go wrong in many offices as the clock shows 11 a.m. Work begins to drag—mistakes are made—tempers get strained and nerves irritated. Sure signs of the 'Droops'!

It's *then* that the wise man puts his head round the door and says 'What about a cup of tea?' For tea at this moment works wonders! Everyone gets new energy—new interest—new carefulness.

Tea in an office is like oil in a motor car—it makes all the 'works' work smoothly. Why don't you start the tea habit in *your* office—it will almost make work a pleasure!

"My Mummy's JELLIES, BIG and SMALL, WILL MAKE my PARTY BEST OF ALL"
PLEASE, MUMMY, CAN I HAVE LOVELY BIG JELLIES AT MY CHRISTMAS PARTY— LIKE THE ONES SALLY'S MUMMY GAVE US?
WISE MOTHERS ARE BUYING ROWNTREE'S JELLIES THESE DAYS, MADAM. THEY HAVE REAL FRUIT JUICES IN THEM, YOU KNOW!
NEXT AFTERNOON
I HELPED MY MUMMY MAKE IT THIS MORNING!
O-O-H! WHAT LOVELY JELLY... YOU CAN TASTE THE STRAWBERRIES IN IT!
I THOUGHT I'LL BUY ROWNTREE'S AGAIN NEXT TIME

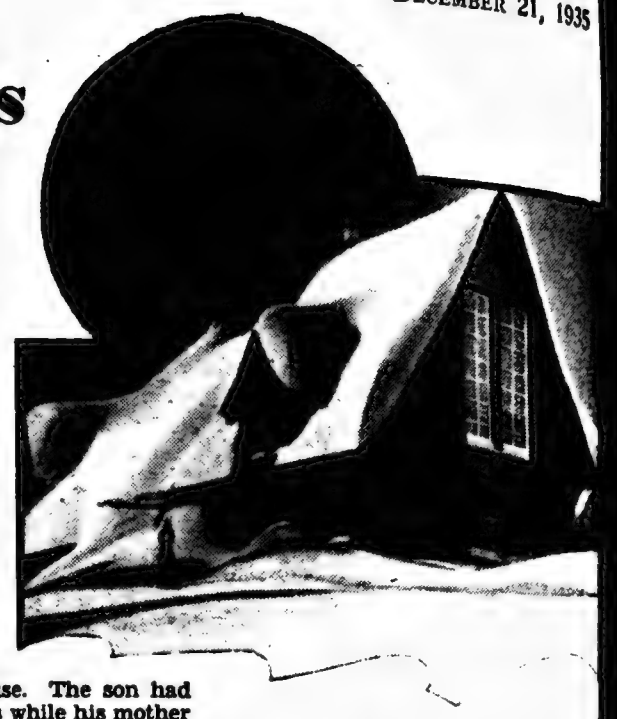
HERE'S A RECIPE FOR YOUR PARTY

CHOCOLATE CREAM ROYAL:

Dissolve one Rowntree Vanilla Jelly in half-pint hot water, allow to cool. Mix half-oz. Rowntree's Cocoa and half-oz. sugar into smooth paste with boiling water. Divide jelly into two parts — to one part add the cocoa mixture, and when cool stir in quarter-pint of milk. Half fill moulds with this. Stir quarter-pint of milk into remainder of the jelly and fill up moulds.

Continued from page 24

HOUSE of DARKNESS



He was too surprised to say anything at first when I rounded on him, telling him not to be so silly, that I had no intentions of asking off, but that if Christmas meant nothing to him it meant a whole lot to me, and that he would be a much more likeable old man if Christmas did have some meaning for him.

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TO my astonishment—and regret—I saw his lips trembling. He made to say something; instead, his eyes filled and the tears coursed down his cheeks. Then, weeping like a child, he left me and went straight to his bedroom.

The following morning he did not appear for breakfast. He always disdained being called; he had nothing but vociferous contempt for "a morning cup of tea."

He was dogged and independent in all things—indeed, his was a fine personality ruined by some inward sorrow or great tribulation about which his lips seemed for ever sealed.

And living so much alone had not helped him. I ruminated over these things while waiting for him to come downstairs.

Jenny, the girl, alarmed me by saying that there must surely be something wrong as he had never been known to be late before. So I went to his room and knocked.

There was no reply. I opened the door slowly—then, to my horror, I saw him lying by the window. The curtains were open, and on the table by the window his bedside lamp was standing—and still burning.

At first I thought he was dead. Then I saw he had had a stroke. With the aid of Jenny I got him back into bed. And a few moments later Jenny was cycling down to the village for the doctor.

It had been a slight heart attack, but the exposure by the window had chilled him so that he rapidly developed pneumonia. The doctor arranged for a nurse to come up from the cottage hospital and she took the room next to Mr. Hayter.

I saw little of her for two days. But when we were having tea together on the third day of his illness, she said to me: "What a pity his son isn't here!"

When she saw my surprise, she explained that nobody locally knew much about the son. They had quarrelled years ago, seemingly because the boy wanted to go to sea and the father was determined that he should be a farmer.

Neither had given in; the farm was eventually sold; the old man and his wife came to live at Trevick House. The son had come home at intervals while his mother was alive—he was about twenty-two when she died—but since then no one had ever heard of him.

I pondered about that all that evening and the next day. It was then that I remembered about the closed curtains on all the sea-facing windows—and so I came back to the scene uppermost in my mind: that of the old man lying by the table and the lamp burning in the uncovered window

I tried to wonder what it meant, and toyed with the idea that perhaps the father had relented and he was adopting the old, old custom of putting a lamp in the window to guide the wanderer home.

The idea grew within—so much so that night, in defiance of all his raging warnings, I threw back the curtains from the west window in the sitting-room and placed a petrol-gas lamp on the table by the telescope.

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I KNEW that the old man would not know, for he was lying upstairs and still four or five days off the crisis point of his illness.

All that week I kept it burning. And I never put it out until daybreak came.

Two days before Christmas, the ninth day of Mr.. Hayter's illness, there was a loud knock at the back door. Wonde ing, I went down the long passag carrying my reading lamp with me.

When I opened the door, holding th lamp above my head, I saw a youn man standing on the step, the ra streaming from his soft felt hat and hi coat collar muffling his chin.

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"MY father," he said. "He sen for me!"

I was about to tell him tha no message had been sent from th house for him, when he said quickly "I'm John Hayter. I saw the light i the west window."

Well, I was too agitated to say muc else John Hayter, full of vigour, fres complexioned and sturdy, went straigh upstairs and he and his father wer re-united. From that moment the ol man rallied and got well.

I learned later that John was the cap tain of a vessel trading from Englan to America; his ship often passed th old house perched like a guiding land mark on the cliffs.

The previous night, while making u Channel, he had seen the light burnin —my light.

He knew that something was th matter—because, in the bitterness o their quarrel, his father had told hi that no help would ever come from hi —"not even a guiding light from th windows of this house. When I want t forgive you I'll light the west window— but that'll be never! . . ."

So for years that vicious promise wa kept. Never a gleam of friendliness wa allowed to filter into the night from th old dark house.

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THE son always looked—every tim his vessel passed the point. H passing always brought fresh sad ness and vain regrets. But he was to much of his father to give in. Th lonely house had become a memorial o lost hopes against the skyline.

But to-day the windows to the sea ar always lit. It is no longer "the old dar house."

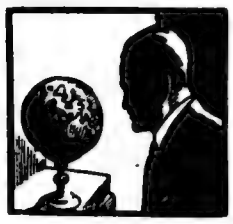
Sometimes, when I sit in the ba window of an evening I can read flashing signal far out at sea—a greet ing from my husband, John Hayter. answer by pulling the blind up an down three times.

Should his ship pass the heads in da light, there is someone else keepin watch—for the old man still sits by hi telescope.

And he shouts to me, with a surprisin strength of voice and a happy laugh lift it up, to hasten so that I may pe at "the Christmas present you won fro the sea by wilfully disobeying my order young woman!"

The Human Machine

You and the World



HAVE you ever seriously considered what wonderful things the brain and mind are? Let us ask a question or two. What is light? What is sound? What is warmth?

You could, no doubt, give various definitions, but unless you brought into those definitions some reference to mind or brain you would be very far from the truth.

The science of Physics will tell you that light is a wave-motion of the ether. You will learn from it that sound is a wave motion of the air. Heat, you will be informed, is a sort of dance of molecules. And then what? Does this mean much to you? Not much, does it?

But bring a human being into the picture, bring in a mind, a brain—and see how the picture alters.

When these "wave motions" of the ether strike the retina of the eye, you see. You immediately have experiences. You learn things. You are alive, in a real world.

So when these "wave motions" of the air strike against a human ear-drum. You hear sounds. You can distinguish tones. You can tell music from noise.

And when the dancing molecules impinge on your skin you feel warm. Without you there is no warmth—only millions of molecules whirling round.

You're an important person, you see. It needs you to make the world real. Without you, the world is just a scientific abstraction, interesting only to the scientists.

And the point of it all is that you ought to take a genuine pride in keeping yourself up to concert pitch. The world needs you and your miraculous faculties, just as much as you need the world.

What makes the world an interesting place is you and me and everyone lil e us. Without us there would be no experiences, no knowledge, no interests, no reality.

You—yes, you yourself, are the key to evcrything that happens. Get this right into your head and take a proper pride in yourself and your abilities.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Sat., Jan. 4th, 1936.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 23.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. Everybody's Favourite.
2. Quantity and Quality.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. Buy it once and you will always like it.
5. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
6. You can pay more—you can't do better.
7. Won a nation through its big reputation.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

For Robust Health and Vigour
drink delicious
'OVALTINE'
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
'Ovaltine' stands in a class by itself for Quality and Value
Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

B

A fitting Preserve for young & old

The kiddies always welcome 'Golden Shred' and their elders, too, delight in its delicious appetising flavour. So throughout the year insist on having

'Golden Shred'

THE BEST ORANGE MARMALADE

C

I like 'Mansion' too
-it gives such a lovely polish

'Mansion' saves such a lot of rubbing and gives floors and furniture a fresh, clean surface of wonderful brilliance and beauty. Its antiseptic properties also make it a sure safeguard against germ dangers.

Think of the trouble you save by using
Mansion Polish
FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM
In tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes
MP.AR.51

D

ENGLISH CANNED
Batchelor's
"BIGGA" *Peas*
are sweet and tender and tempting.
COOKED: READY TO SERVE
Biggest Value!

E

FIGS like these don't grow on trees

—but they GROW on YOU!

So much nicer than ordinary sticky figs! Delicious sugar-coated non-sticky fig shaped CONFECTIONS. Half fruit, half fruit jelly—and Batgers make them.

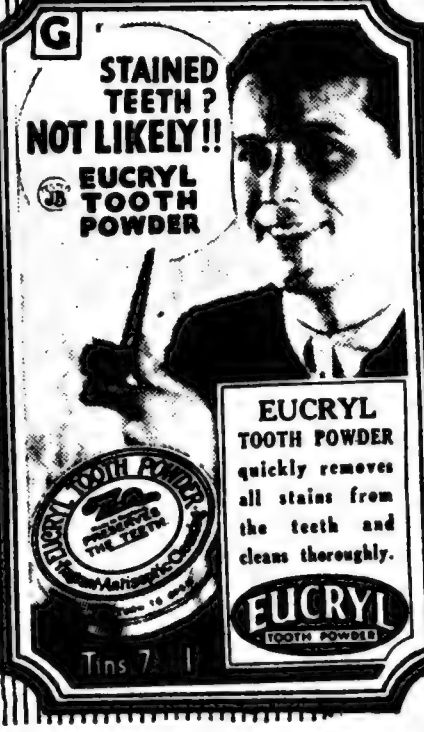
BATGER'S original
'CHINESE' FIGS
Sold in Drums
by Grocers and Stores.

F

Salmons Beef Cubes 1d each
—the cube that is beefier
Sixpenny boxes of six cubes contain coupon for free gift.
Obtainable from your usual dealer.

G

STAINED TEETH? NOT LIKELY!!
EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER



EUCRYL
TOOTH POWDER
quickly removes all stains from the teeth and cleans thoroughly.
EUCRYL
TOOTH POWDER

1 FREE ENTRY FORM

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ADDRESS .....

(Section 1) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 1

Other Free £20 Contests on pages 29, 31, 33 and 35

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"Well, if you'll take your mother's advice, my dear, don't take chances . . .
give him a Gillette"

That *is* a sensible Christmas gift, if you like. Something a man will really appreciate. And with every perfect shave he has with those new electrically-tempered Blue Gillette blades, he'll be reminded anew of the charming giver of this ideal Christmas gift.

There are Gillette Shaving Outfits at prices to suit all purses. 2/6 to 35/-.

For the man who already has a Gillette Razor there is the Blue Gillette Christmas Box. Forty electrically-tempered Blue Gillette Blades in a special Christmas packing .. 10/-.

Gillette

Of all Dealers. Made in England

Full of amusing moments, this exciting

NEW GAME

has taken the country by storm

The only money unit card game on the market

Sum-it

For two or a crowd

2/6

PRESENTATION SET-DOUBLE PACK 5/-

THE CRAZE OF THE SEASON

OF ALL STATIONERS, TOY & SPORTS SHOPS, ETC.

Trade Enquiries:

SUM-IT CARD GAME LTD.,
3, PEARL CHAMBERS, LEEDS, 1

EVERYBODY'S PLAYING SUM IT

Human Documents

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted

by Philip Inman

"They forget the existence of their aged mother." . . . Christmas is the happiest time for happy re-unions in families where the grown-up children have neglected their parents [*A film impression*]

Slighting the OLD Folk

THERE is a close kinship between Christmas and this paper. Christmas is the great family festival—the time of happy fellowship and joyous reunion. And JOHN BULL is the great family paper.

That I know from my postbag of over ten thousand letters a year; the vast majority of them dealing with affairs of the home. And so, in this article, I want to associate the spirit of Christmas with some problems of family life. Their solution may become easier at this season of peace and good will.

Take, for instance, this letter from a woman correspondent:—

I have three brothers, all of whom are married. One goes home now and again, but the other two have not been home for about eight years. My mother, who is sixty-nine, takes it to heart very much as she has been a cripple for a long time, and can't get out except when taken in a chair. She has been one of the best of mothers and the boys thought there was no one like her, but since they married they seem to forget they have a mother at all.

My married sister lives with our parents and she finds it very hard sometimes, as father has not worked for over three years now. He only receives nine shillings from State Insurance, and will not get the old age pension for another year.

Do you think it fair that my sister and I should do our best to help and the sons get off free, especially as they are all working and could easily contribute a little? They don't live far away and know that mother and father are in such poor circumstances. They each have children whom their grandma has never been allowed to see. One of them has a nice little car which mother would have enjoyed to ride in now and again, but he drives past the door without even giving a look.

My sister has tried to reason with them, but they simply ignore her and myself as well. I am very much afraid if something is not done soon it will be too late as mother is getting very frail. Will you please help us, as you have helped so many others?

I saw a man standing outside one of the wards in my hospital and he seemed to be in great distress. I heard him say, "She has been a good wife and I shall be lost without her." The staff nurse whispered, "Pity he didn't show his gratitude when she was alive—he only came to see her twice in six weeks."

* * *

MY own mother used to say, "When I am gone, don't bother about wreaths and memorial stone—give me your love while I am here."

My correspondent should not be daunted. Let her approach her brothers again during this Christmastide. "Mother is getting old," she should say; "next year she may not be with us; remember what she meant to us all when we were young."

I can't think an appeal of that kind could go unheeded. I should be sorry for any son or daughter who had the heart to say "No" to it.

My correspondent and her married sister will never begrudge the consideration they are showing to their parents. In after years they will have no regrets. But these brothers will—unless (as I hope will be the case) they change in their attitude whilst there is still time.

It always seems a tragedy when relations who live so near together should be so far apart in outlook and affection. Here is one of many cases that can be quoted. This woman writes:—

I have been married four years, but for two years my husband's people and I have not spoken. Before our marriage I was treated as one of the family, but afterwards often insulted and told I had taken my mother-in-law's eldest son who was then twenty-six.

We live quite close to them. My husband's mother is very childish and interfering. His father and the rest of the family seem to be ruled by her. She ordered me out of her house never to enter again, and I certainly have no intention of doing so.

My husband says she is entirely to blame. He goes to see her, but is treated more like a stranger than a son. We have a fine baby, and although his grannie sees him nearly every day, she ignores him. My husband would like to take him to visit his people, but I do not want him to do so. Am I right in bringing my son up not to acknowledge them?

This correspondent feels bitter at the treatment she has received. But let her remember the days before her marriage when she was "treated as one of the family." It would be fine if that relationship could be restored.

After all, it can't be pleasant for that husband to know that his wife and his mother are not on speaking terms.

* * *

BUT how is peace to be secured? That baby boy might easily be the medium. It wouldn't be the first time that a child has healed a family feud. And so I suggest that this little fellow be taken to see his grannie. I hope he will win his way into her heart and pave the way for the readmission of his mother to the family circle.

I beg my correspondent to take one further step. Let her make this Christmas an excuse for writing to her mother-in-law. Tell her that there is no ill-feeling on her part and that she is only too anxious to be friendly with them all.

Her husband's mother, after the lapse of two years, may eagerly grasp that olive branch. It will, in any case, have this good effect. It will show her husband that she has a generous and forgiving nature.

And even if he should be that way inclined, he would never be able to blame her later on.

Every SOS broadcast on the wireless tells of those who, for one reason or another, have become estranged from their loved ones. Here is a poignant letter from a woman reader:—

On 17th of last February our only daughter, Joan, who was nineteen, left home after I had had to speak sharply to her for staying out late at night, and we have not heard a word from her since.

She told a friend that she was going to find a place in London, and when her dad, who works on the railway, got his holidays, we set out to try to find her and we searched London for a whole week, but had no success.

Every night, when her father came home from work, his first words were, "Any news?" Now he seems to have lost hope and thinks that something dreadful has happened to her. She was the apple of his eye, and I feel that he sometimes blames me for her going away. He says I was too hard on her, but I only wanted her good, for I loved her too. A neighbour said to me to-day, "Why don't you write to Mr. Inman and tell him—he may be able to help you."

* * *

MY only hope is that this girl may read this page. If she does, she will learn of her mother's love and of her father's anguish. She will know of the steps taken to find her.

Knowing these things, surely she will remain silent no longer. She will either write to her parents or, better still, go back home to see them. And she will give them the best Christmas they have ever had.

In publishing this letter, I am thinking not only of that girl, Joan, but of all the sons and daughters who have left home and forgotten their old folk. It is so easy to lose touch. Time passes so quickly . . . you have been worried about your work or your home . . . you really did mean to write.

Don't let this Christmas pass without sending the old folk a line. To you it will be a simple service that will cost you little in time or thought. To them it may make all the difference between happiness and misery.

The postman's knock may mean that life will lose all its loneliness and its longing for them.

Cash Your Vouchers

A FREE 2s. 9d. Gift Voucher or a Free 7s. 6d. Gift Voucher, one or both—which will you have?

Only a few days now remain before Christmas. Those who have not done so, but are yet desirous of availing themselves of our Christmas Gift Offer, are urged not to delay. Turn to page 2

Arrangements have been made so that all applications received not later than first post, Monday, December 23, will be dealt with before Christmas.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

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CLOSING DATE:
Sat., Jan. 4th, 1936.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 23.

—FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW—

1. Everybody's Favourite.
2. Quantity and Quality.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. Buy it once and you will always like it.
5. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
6. You can pay more—you can't do better.
7. Won a nation through its big reputation.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

The Best Brown Bread because It Is Nicest to Eat, most Nourishing and Easiest to Digest. From Quality Bakers.

BERMALINE

"Bermaline" 55, Rothwell St., Glasgow.

B

Quick Quaker, specially made for quick cooking, is the no-trouble breakfast—ready in less time than it takes to make the morning tea. Milled from the world's richest oats, it is the finest natural food. There is nothing more appetising—nothing so sustaining and nourishing to start you off for the day!

QUICK QUAKER
4d. and 8½d. per packet.

C

Mr. T. POTT *says*—

When the morning's work gives you the DROOPS - drive them away with a cup of TEA

D

Everything that is best in butter you are sure of in

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

E

NUFIX
13 & 1/9
TONIC DRESSING for the HAIR

Fixes without hardness or deposit. No gum. Does not soil Headwear or Linen.
Contains emulsified vegetable oil. Prevents dryness. Eliminates Dandruff, and keeps the hair and scalp in perfect condition.
Most economical in use.

Trial Size 6d.

From Chemists, Hairdressers, etc.

Manufacturers: WALDEN & CO. (NUFIX), Ltd., LONDON, N.W.9.

F

THE FINEST FESTIVE FARE made with

TURBAN MIXED FRUIT

Machine Blended

Improve the flavour of your cakes and puddings by using Turban Mixed Fruits. Turban is much more than a mixture, it is selected fruit cleaned and blended by a special process which brings out all the natural richness and delicious flavours.

Try the simple way to better cooking with TURBAN Mixed Fruit.

Price 6½d. PER PACKET

Obtainable everywhere

G

"That looks lovely!
"I've never seen a more perfect floor"
"I did it with VARNENE"

"Varnene" is definitely a far better treatment for floors. It stains ordinary floor boards to the natural colours of the finer woods and gives a hard glossy surface that resists wear, chipping and scratching.

VARNENE
THE NEW AND MORE EFFICIENT
OIL VARNISH STAIN
From all Stores. In Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear Colourless Varnish. Tins 6d., 1- & 1 6.

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The 4-VALVE SUPER-HET

A seven-stage super-het of proved reliability. Modern cabinet of dark or figured walnut. Pre-selector and automatic volume control give brilliant reception from all stations. 200-250 volts A.C. Model.

Universal Model A.C. or D.C. 10 gns. **9½ GNS**

5-VALVE SUPER-HET (Q.A.V.C.) 11 gns.
"PORTROLA" portable radio-gram. 12 gns.
6-VALVE RADIO-GRAM. 19 gns.
Convenient Deferred Terms.

with ONE-KNOB CONTROL
(*An exclusive Decca feature*)

Please send for FREE illustrated catalogue to DECCA Ltd., 1-3, Brixton Road, S.W.9.

DECCA SUPER-HET RADIO

Jack Frost's cruel to Busy Hands

WORKING out of doors exposes your poor hands and face to Jack Frost's attack. But you *can* avoid the painful ugly chaps and rough cracked lips he brings if you always use Snowfire Tablet night and day.

3d. TABLET

Family size 7½d. *Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.*

SNOWFIRE TABLET

Softens and soothes

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT. Price 1'6. Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

Who Calls the PANTO TUNE

Dorothy Ward, popular principal boy, tries a number with Shaun Glenville. She'll be singing tunes at Christmas made popular by the radio and Kinema, instead of, as in former years, those made popular by the music hall

OTHER times, other pantomime songs. . . .

Once it was the music-hall and summer concert party audiences who called the Panto tunes. To-day it is the film and wireless audiences who do most of the calling.

Most of the "big hits" of the coming pantomime season have been "tried out" on the screen and the microphone.

That is why on Boxing Day the principal boy in many a pantomime will be singing "Love is Everywhere" and "Look Up and Laugh," which Gracie Fields "put over" in her last film.

"Love is Everywhere" has been on the air, on the screen, on the records, on the dance bands and in most people's homes since midsummer. "It will last out the Panto season," say its publishers contentedly. It has been one of the greatest song successes of 1935, a real money-maker for some lucky people.

☆ ANOTHER firmly established tune which will be relied on to "put across" many pantomimes is "I'm in the Mood for Love." "It was first heard a couple of months ago," say its publishers, "and now it's getting ten broadcasts a week." Alice Faye sings it in the film "Every Night at Eight," and it really is a nice, simple catchy tune.

What's more, the words suit a principal boy and girl scene nicely. You know the sort of thing:

"I'm in the mood for love,
Simply because you're near me,
Funny, but when you're near me,
I'm in the mood for . . .

They seem dreadful nonsense when you read them like that. But when you hear them sung, and by the principal boy to the principal girl, you'll be humming the tune before the song is ended.

There are several other tunes from films which are relied on as the mainstays of many pantomimes this year. For instance, "You Are My Lucky Star," the theme song of "Broadway Melody of 1936," has great things expected of it.

The words are just as silly as ever, of course:

"You are my lucky star,
I saw you from afar. . . ."

And plenty more like that. But the words do not matter. The tune has lots of "go" about it. Good for dancing. Excellent for the chorus to do its stuff.

Another film song is "Dream Shadows" (". . . fall across my heart. . . . Dream shadows from a world apart.") Bebe Daniels sings it in a film called "Hollywood Party." Many Cinderellas this Christmas will be trying to sing it as well as she does—for this is what the Panto industry calls a "Cinderella Song."

"Cinderella," you see, is by far the most popular pantomime. This year British pantomimes will be about 25 per cent. "Cinderella," 15 per cent. "Dick Whittington," 10 per cent. "Babes in the Wood," with "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Mother Goose" and "Robinson Crusoe" as also rans.

In view of these figures, the value of good Cinderella songs is obvious. Every firm of music publishers wants to put out at least one winning Cinderella song.

☆ MOST of the highly successful Cinderella songs are waltzes. "Waltz songs are coming back in favour," one of the biggest music publishers thinks. "They are harder to establish in popularity than fox-trots, because bands don't like to broadcast them so much. A waltz doesn't give the band much chance to show off how clever it is. But once the public takes to a waltz it goes over bigger than anything else."

"It My Love Could Talk" is a good example of this year's waltz song. It was tried out at Douglas, Isle of Man, during the summer holiday season. Now it is going to fulfil its real destiny as a Panto winner. It is an American song, but is not featured in any film.

This dodge of trying out pantomime songs on holiday crowds has been partially killed by broadcasting. All the principal music publishers used to do it. Some still do, at big popular resorts like Blackpool and Douglas, and make money out of it.

Other firms rely solely on a few broadcasts to gauge the popularity of a song which they hope will be what Charing Cross Road always calls "The greatest song ever." Broadcasting bands receive a tremendous fan mail; and from this it is easy to see how any new number is likely to go when it has been broadcast only once or twice.

"The Rose in Her Hair," for example, had only been "put on the air" once by Henry Hall's band when its publishers decided that it was likely to be their most successful Panto song this season.

The theme tune of a film, "Broadway Gondolier," which has not yet been seen in this country, is a very taking simple waltz. You will probably be humming it in a few weeks because it is going into all Tom Arnold's pantos, besides others, and he is producing at Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool, Sheffield, Birmingham and Newcastle. It is, by the way, another "Cinderella Song."

Another song which its publishers are nursing like a million-pound baby is "When Your Little Boy Grows Up and Falls in Love." Many will know it when they hear it at the Panto, because Charlie Kunz's band has been broadcasting it, with Kitty Masters singing, and Wee Georgie Wood has introduced it into his turn lately.

It's one of those "Mother" songs, very simple and sentimental—the sort of song which everyone likes, but no one much cares to admit liking. The tune is a grand one to hum or whistle.

☆ ALTHOUGH its popularity has been proved by Charlie Kunz's broadcasts, this song was first "tried on the dog" at Blackpool. It went as well there as "If My Love Could Talk" did at Douglas.

Pantomimes must have comic songs, too. What about them? Their success is much harder to predict. It is even very difficult to find out much about them.

Comedians get songs written specially for them. They are very quiet and secretive about the whole business until they can produce the finished article with a flourish and ask, "Now isn't that the greatest comic ever?"

But there is one good comic song about already, which is going into many pantomimes. It may turn out the comic hit of the season. Shaun Glenville will be singing it in "Cinderella" at Drury Lane. Florrie Forde has it at the Lyceum just across the way. George Doonan will try it at the Shakespeare Theatre Liverpool; so will Sam Mayo at the Grand Theatre, Brighton.

It is one of those farmyard songs, and they call it "Moo, Maa, Cock-a-doodle-doo!" That title sounds pretty grim read in cold print. But most of the country will be singing the chorus quite happily soon after Christmas.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE COUNTY EXPRESS:—"He was summoned for driving a motor lorry with inefficient BRAKES."

GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"Police Sergeants —— and —— were rowed to the creek, which runs between high CORKS."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"Charming gown composed of white chiffon accordion PLATED from head to foot."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"A CARRIAGE has been arranged, and will take place . . . ."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"Transfer of UNEMPLOYMENT to more prosperous areas."

HIGH PEAK REPORTER:—"Songs were well rendered by ——, —— RESISTED, —— and —— gave ducts."

SUNDAY TIMES:—"BRITAIN in German gaol."

"THE CITIZEN," LETCHWORTH:—"Consequently we find valiant Sydney and PORK-drinking Sir Donald doing their best . . ."

CATERHAM AND PURLEY WEEKLY PRESS:—"On Saturday last over TWO TONS TWELVE CWT. of residents visited and inspected the refuse disposal plant."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"As a matter of fact, the committee had been endeavouring to INTERRUPT the 1930 Act . . ."

REGINA DAILY STAR:—"This will help to promote the growth and thickness of your ASHES."

FOLKESTONE HERALD:—". . . a two-inch crepe band on the left arm above the RIGHT elbow."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"—— has been FATALLY KILLED by a lion while hunting."

BANBURY GUARDIAN:—"The GOAL was ably refereed by ——"

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6. You can pay more—you can't do better.
7. Won a nation through its big reputation.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

Keeps the cold out
SHREDDED WHEAT
AND HOT MILK

Your body needs all the powers of resistance it can command at this trying time of the year. That is why you should make Shredded Wheat a regular daily dish. Its precious whole wheat goodness is rapidly converted into whole wheat energy and reserve power. Ready to serve with milk or cream, or as sweet or savoury—hot or cold.

GET A PACKET TO-DAY

B

OXO CUBE **OXO**

used in
Millions of Kitchens

C

GOOD COOKS USE
BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
●
THAT'S WHY THEY'RE GOOD COOKS

D

For a jolly good party...

Chivers' Jellies are the big favourites at every party. Gay sparkling colours make them ideal for festive occasions. Remember Chivers' Jellies contain real fruit juice—no wonder they taste so good.

FOR A CHRISTMAS PARTY
Serve Chivers' Jellies in individual glasses or moulds—they look even more festive this way.

Chivers Jellies
A RECIPE IN EVERY PACKET.

E

Your Wireless Set is only as old as its Valves!

Programmes enjoyed
2 YEARS AGO
would never sound the same to-night with
2 YEARS OLD VALVES

Make your old set new again with
TUNGSRAM
Barium **VALVES**

MANUFACTURED AT TOTTENHAM
The Tungsram Electric Lamp Works (Great Britain), Ltd., 72, Oxford St., London, W.1.
Phone: Museum 5053.

F

THE "HEIRS" OF SUCCESS

Success comes to the neat and tidy—you never see the heads of industry looking ruffled. Apply a little Anzora to your own hair and notice the difference. There's a place for every hair and Anzora ensures that every hair is in its place—from morn to night.

THE GOLD MEDAL HAIR CREAM

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, in 9d., 1/3 and 2/3 bottles, and ANZORA BRILLIANTINE in 1/- bottles for ladies and for those whose hair and scalp are very dry.

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

G

Every drop spreads brilliance

Try 'Min,' on your highly polished furniture. Its ease and brilliance will astonish you. 'Min' is also a wonderful cleaner for White Enamel Paint. Get a tin to-day.

MIN CREAM
for all highly polished surfaces

Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4
M.49.16

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CONSTIPATION
is the Chief Cause
OF
DAILY ILLS

This is true of Indigestion, Biliousness, Liver Disorder, Headaches and innumerable other everyday complaints. For a Sluggish System is a POISONED System . . . a system so polluted by its own waste products, that it cannot possibly be healthy! It makes you feel Run-Down, Depressed, fills you with Pain, upsets your Digestion, puts Liver and Kidneys out of order, weakens the Blood! Take Beechams Pills! This grand old remedy conquers the *cause* of 90% of Daily Ills and restores that regularity and activity of the system which is the *only* basis of Perfect Health. As Beechams Pills Tone, Regulate and Purify, so your Health returns, your Aches and Pains and Ills fade away.

90% of Daily Ills Quickly Yield to

Beechams *Brand* **PILLS**
Worth A Guinea A Box

Tackle that irritating throat 'tickle' with Allenburys Pastilles. They keep the throat sweet and moist and the voice resonant and clear

Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8½ & 1/3

PUT NUTTALL'S MINTOES ON THE TREE
LET THE KIDDIES SHOUT WITH GLEE
4d

Saying it in 300,000,000 LETTERS

The Christmas speed-up has begun. Mountains of parcels and letters for all parts of the world are the first harbingers of Yuletide

"CHRISTMAS is coming ——" sings the schoolboy, looking forward to feasts, happy afternoons in the shops, and a well-filled stocking.

"My bag is getting fat," echoes the postman, struggling up the hill with as big a load as he can carry and wondering when the Postmaster-General will let him have those extra temporary assistants who usually give him a hand during the busy season.

Yes, the Christmas mails speed-up is well under way. At the sorting offices mountains of foreign letters sent early because they have so far to go—are the first harbingers of Yuletide.

The inland rush comes later—last year it was 260,000,000 letters and cards in the three days before Christmas.

During the past few weeks the sorters have so often handled envelopes addressed to such widely diverse places as Costa Rica, Afghanistan, Samoa, Kenya, Zanzibar Protectorate, and a few hundred other countries, that such names have got as familiar and homely a look as those of Bradford or Dundee.

Twenty million foreign letters and postcards leave these shores for abroad during the few weeks before Christmas, and another fifteen millions—they have been brought by sledge, funicular and camel across ice-field, mountain peak and desert—will reach us from abroad.

Some will be handled by postmen in furs and snow-boots—others by officials wearing no more than a loin-cloth!

They will pass through the hands of foreigners who know more about England than you do yourself.

A Dutch sorter who was tested recently, for instance, knew the name of every village in Britain.

And the triumph of sending these millions of Christmas letters—with another 2,000,000,000 that will never touch Britain at all—over the vast network of world communications, is to the credit of an organisation of which so little is known in this country that the only information available for the purposes of writing this article was furnished by the British post office in French.

Every letter that ever crosses an international boundary is under the care of this world's post office of which nobody ever hears.

* * *

YES, a remarkable organisation is l'Union Postale Universale—which we usually translate as International Postal Union—and which celebrated its jubilee a few months ago.

It handles in all 40,000,000,000 letters a year, which are sent along every road or track of any importance in the whole civilised world. Yet its staff, in the strict meaning of the term, only numbers twelve people—concentrated at its headquarters at Berne, Switzerland.

But in actual fact, of course, every postman in the world collects or delivers its letters, every sorter handles its mail and every post office collects the revenue it must distribute to its members, for every civilised nation in the world is a member of it.

Costa Rica, Greenland, Barbadoes, Sarawak, Ascension Isle—hundreds such names as these are sandwiched in its list of members between such names as America, Britain, France and Germany. Indeed, when Afghanistan became the newest recruit recently—some years after Abyssinia took the plunge—almost the entire world was within its embrace.

The advantages of that you would hardly realise unless you happen to have friends or relatives abroad or are yourself an exile from your homeland.

Wherever you are in the world, the cost of sending a letter to anywhere else is 2½d., the amount agreed by the member nations.

The ordinary stamps of the country of origin will suffice. The nearest pillar-box will do for posting, even in the Steppes of Russia.

That done you may go home satisfied that whether you have set the postmen of the world the task of crossing ravines, icefloes, marshes or rapids with your missive—and the International Postal Union always selects the route—it will get there all right.

Although this Union depends so much on the staffs of foreign postal services, it will tolerate no laxity by governments, either, be they big or small, members or non-members.

Four or five years ago, the international bags were frequently tampered with by thieves in a Russian town, and the Union felt there was not enough supervision. It had no hesitation in telling the Soviet Government that all postal connections would be stopped unless something was done.

And it soon put its foot down on the Nazi censors of Germany for opening international letters passing through that country, although, of course, it is powerless to prevent such censorship in the case of letters written and posted in Germany. But how about keeping check on the 100,000,000 letters handled by the organisation every day to ensure that every country participating pays its fair share?

* * *

WHEN you think how many Christmas letters are at the present moment coming to Britain from hundreds of countries abroad, and how many more posted in this country are outward bound, the book-keeping methods employed will appear very wonderful at first sight.

Actually it is quite easy. That little staff at Berne finds no difficulty at all in managing.

Every now and then there are trial weighings of the post-bags as they pass from one country to another. From this a good general idea can be gained as to the amount of mail every country sends to and receives from every other in the course of a year.

On the rough basis of so many letters to the ton, a good idea can be obtained of the number of letters handled.

* * *

EVERY five years there is a gigantic squaring-up, in which Britain, as a rule, has far more twopence-ha'pennies to pay than to receive. That, of course, is because we send out more mail than we receive, and naturally it is the country that sends that pays the stamp money!

Now write to those friends of yours who live so many thousands of miles away. The Post Office will demand cash down. . . .

Britain will pass on your money, some day.

COMFORT AFTER CHAOS

IT all began with a missing daughter.

Her message that she was going to stay with a married sister never reached her parents. They, thoroughly alarmed at her absence, informed the police in the Middlesex town in which they were living.

And so the strangest and, as it proved, most dramatic twenty-four hours in their experience began.

First there was the search. The police soon found out the whereabouts of the seventeen-years-old girl, and so the nerve-racking anxiety of the parents was allayed.

Then when the little family was homeward bound they missed the last trolley-bus. Search for a taxicab or other vehicle was fruitless. Therefore it was about 5 a.m. when—weary and footsore—they came within sight of home.

And Fate had a still greater shock in store for them.

There, where their house was situated, was a pall of smoke. The husband rushed forward and opened the front door, to be met with flames and fumes that drove him back.

While the fire brigade was on its way there were children to save—children never left alone, in the ordinary way, but who had been left to their own resources because of the exigencies of the hour.

* * *

The last tragic scene of all was of that family without furniture or comfort of any kind in their gutted kitchen.

Well, you would hardly expect there would be one bright ray in so gloomy a story as that—but there was.

We paid for the damage to the furniture because they were insured through the medium of JOHN BULL'S unique free insurance scheme, a protection we will extend to *you* immediately if you fill up the form we have provided on page 42.

You may need that protection some day. Why not sign now?

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

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FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. Everybody's Favourite.
2. Quantity and Quality.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. Buy it once and you will always like it.
5. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
6. You can pay more—you can't do better.
7. Won a nation through its big reputation.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

Don't put your foot in it!

Serve **GOLDEN GRIFFIN COCKTAILS** and you'll KNOW you're right.

Open the eyes as well as the mouths of your guests with Golden Griffin, Medium Sweet or Dry. For 'snap'—for smoothness, for adding to the joy, you MUST have Golden Griffin.

16 FULL SIZED COCKTAILS 4/6

B

Last night's **BOURN-VITA** *is helping them now!*

C

KEEP YOUR FIGURE YOUNG

Wear a Corset designed especially for you and for you alone.

Incorrect posture and ugly lines can usually be traced to badly fitting corsets. In order to look and feel young, have a Spencer corsetiere make a special study of your figure, and ensure corsets that fit.

Spencer Corsets are washable and inexpensive and are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name and address of nearest corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually Designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

D

"GRIPON" 4/6
Complete with 2 'Cloche' insulators and 40ft. conductor

The SELF-FITTING **AERIAL**

requires no poles or brackets—no ladders or tools. Takes only a few minutes to fit and stays put. The 40 feet 16 strand basket weave electrolytic conductor gives a generous pickup and two "CLOCHE" insulators entirely isolate the suspension, so that the "GRIPON" Aerial

CANNOT LEAK

and the set gets the full benefit of the whole signal. Ordinary shackle insulators collect dirt and moisture on the insulating surface and let a large part of the vital strength leak over to earth. In the foulest weather it is impossible for an Aerial fitted with "CLOCHE" insulators to leak.

CLOCHE INSULATORS ARE INDISPENSABLE

If you want to get punch out of the set, for foreign stations and short waves "CLOCHE" insulators make all the difference — the skirt of the "CLOCHE" entirely protects the non-hygroscopic surface from dirt and moisture. The insulating surface over 6 inches long between the suspension and the Aerial absolutely bars leakage. Price, 1/3 each.

PIX, LONDON, S.E.1.

E

Weather

CHRISTMAS WEATHER WITHOUT TURNING A HAIR...

Keep your hair perfectly under control—no matter how rough the weather, or how lively the party—with Julysia, the Cream of Hairdressings. Free from gum and starch. Will not soil pillow or hat bands. Sold everywhere, price 1/- and 1/6 per bottle. Sample Size 6d.

JULYSIA HAIR CREAM

A Product of Jules Freres Ltd.

F

Before the Salesman sells the set
Hold up your hand and say "not yet"
Open the back and look inside.
See Mazdas first—and then decide!

THE MOST FAMOUS SET MAKERS FIT

MAZDA RADIO VALVES

Mazda Radio Valves are manufactured in Great Britain for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., London and Rugby, and distributed by—

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

G

RESTORE YOUR RED TILES AND RED COMPOSITION FLOORS WITH

CARDINAL POLISH

Easy & economical to apply, 'Cardinal' gives a beautiful rich red tone that will not rub off. Also excellent for front steps. Made by makers of 'Mansion.'

Large Tins 6d. & 1/-
Of all dealers.

C.P.2.7

4 FREE ENTRY FORM

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Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 4) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 4

Other Free £20 Contests on pages 27, 29, 31 and 35

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ADDRESS .....

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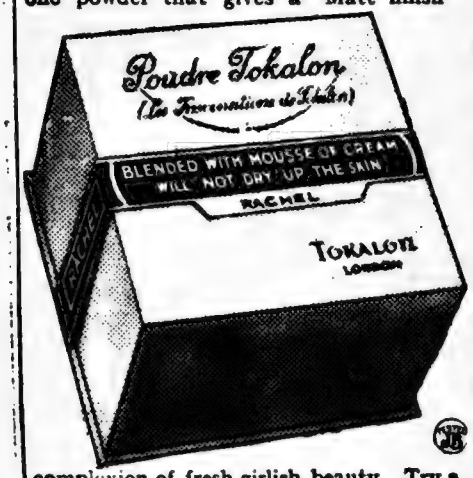
NEW MATT FINISH FACE POWDER WITH DOUBLE MOUSSE

DISCOVERY BY PARIS CHEMIST REVOLUTIONIZES FACE POWDERS

Now woman's age-old problem of 'skin shine' solved by science. By a new process—the result of years of research by French chemists—the finest seven times silk-sifted powder is blended with double 'mousse of cream.' This process has been acquired by Tokalon. This new Poudre Tokalon is the one powder that you can apply in the morning and be free from shiny nose all day long whatever you are doing. The one powder that gives a 'Matt finish'



complexion of fresh girlish beauty. Try a box to-day and see the fascinating beauty it can give to you. See how entirely different is the new Poudre Tokalon from all other powders because it is the only one with the 'Matt finish' secret. 6d. and 1/-

STOMACH SUFFERER'S QUICK RECOVERY

Living on a diet of boiled fish for months! That alone is enough to tell stomach victims what a low state Mr. B. A. Blick, of London, had got into. He says himself that he felt practically hopeless. But still, he tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Then what a change there was! Read his own words:

"For many months I had been living on a diet of boiled fish, etc., until a friend suggested my using Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I did so (with little hope, I must confess), but felt an improvement from the very first dose, with the result that I can now eat almost anything again."

That's the way to get rid of stomach pains! No shilly-shallying with so-called stomach remedies. Just take regular doses of the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and then you too will be ready and able to "eat anything" at the Christmas table or at any other time. But remember, if you want quick and sure relief from pain, you must get genuine Maclean Brand. You can always tell it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Sold only in bottles in cartons, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

MOTHER! Stop Your Child's Cough with one dose of 'Pineate'

Economy "The Tiny Dose"

BRAND HONEY SYRUP 1/6 a bottle

The Cough Remedy for Children

Poor Little Christmas Tree!

FOUR years ago Stalin banned the Christmas Tree in Soviet Russia because it was a "Christian and therefore a superstitious symbol," contrary to the ideals of the U.S.S.R.

A few weeks ago Christian and Catholic Italy banned it because it was a "Nordic and heathen symbol."

And now this Christmas the British Government has doomed it, virtually driven it out of existence as far as tens of thousands of small homes are concerned

In this case it is the *little* tree—what the trade calls the "table tree"—which could be bought and dressed easily, from even the slenderest purse, to make a lovely glittering show for the children on Christmas night.

Up to a year or two ago the housewife could buy these little trees for sixpence each. This year, if she can get one at all, she will have to pay in most places anything between 2s. and 2s. 6d.

Country scoured

Usually over a million of these little trees are sold every Christmas. This year the big Covent Garden dealers have been hard put to it to get a tenth of this number. They have combed the country from end to end to find those and they are getting a shilling each for them wholesale. Multiply that price by 100 per cent. and more and you get the price the housewife will have to pay.

The children in thousands of homes who will not get a Christmas tree this year can thank a Government Department for it. The explanation of both the scarcity and the price the housewife will have to pay is yet another example of the strange workings of tariffs and the fantasies which beset bureaucratic minds.

For many years most of the million table trees sold in this country every Christmas came from abroad, from Scandinavia, Germany and Holland, but chiefly from Holland. The Dutch made a special study of growing these small trees. *Kinderbaum* (children's trees) they called them.

They were the genuine "Christmas" fir of dark glowing green with soft non-prickly branches. They were grown specially, laid down in grounds of hundreds of acres and planted with spaces between each tree so that they grew symmetrically.

In Britain there has been practically no such systematic growing of these trees for market. But nevertheless the National Government, anxious for the prosperity of the Empire and these non-existent growers, decided to slap a duty of 20s. a cwt. on the foreign product.

Prices rose

One wonders if the matter was discussed in Cabinet with "do or die" Ministers determining that British children were not to gaze shiny-eyed at foreign trees when the candles were lit on Christmas evening.

Anyhow, the upshot was that many children got no trees at all, for 20s. a cwt. on these light, small trees is a big duty. Up went the price for each and the big Covent Garden importers cut their orders.

But this year, the same importers renewing their orders—because there are plenty of homes which will have their "dressing" them is too expensive small purses.

That is a lamentable state of affa both for the trade and the housew who wants to buy the traditional sm tree for Christmas.

But if we look outside the relative small number of act producers we find position is far worse. can be said, indeed, th as far as the trade Christmas trees in th country is concerned is in chaos.

The chief centres fr which the trees come Hampshire, Norfol Bedfordshire, Surrey the Lake District. there is no attempt organised growing marketing. Most of trees are found on p vate estates, where th grow wild among oth trees in small woods plantations.

They reach the mark *viâ* the "haggler," as is called in Covent G den. This man calls the owner of the wood few weeks before Chri mas and offers a pr for taking up the sm firs.

Often the "haggler" allowed to take the tre for a few pence ea Sometimes when t owner is a wealthy squi he is allowed to ta them away for nothin merely being told "n to make too much of mess in the woods wh you are about it." Th a few days later comes along with a lor or cart, digs them up a takes them off to mark Needless to say, he a picks the bigger tre hoping to get the big prices.

These, in brief, are t reasons why thousan of children will not h their little Christm tree this year.

The thousands of children who will not get a Christmas Tree this year can thank a Government Department for that

But the Government's duties and t ban which has driven the green a living little tree out of the home has the imitation one in.

When the duties were put on, factori in Czecho-Slovakia and Japan got bu designing substitutes made of cott paper, wire and tinsel. And these a flooding into the country practical duty free!

So, appropriately—if you are cynic enough to see it that way—the mode child in thousands of British hom this year must view the symbol of t Christ-child in a synthetic tree!

little trees whatever the price—learned of a final step which has been taken to drive them off the market altogether.

They learned that the Ministry of Agriculture has placed a total ban on all imports of foreign Christmas trees. The reason—there might be a risk of plant disease or pests being brought in!

In previous years every consignment brought into this country has been examined by inspectors in the country of export, and has been certified to be free from tree pests or disease. But the Ministry has now decided that even this is not good enough, and so it has stopped the trade altogether.

Sold by height

And now with the market all to himself, what has the British supplier done to meet it? He has responded in exactly the same way as many other British producers have done when imports of their goods have been driven off by duties or restrictions—by simply not bothering to satisfy the public demand and at the same time inflating the price of what supplies there are.

Christmas trees are sold by height. "Right," says the producer, "never mind about the table stuff—the two- to four-footers. Never mind if they do want them. I am going to let my trees grow and cut only the big stuff because I'll get more money with less labour."

And there, the British producer's greediness has been his undoing. A week before Christmas one of the biggest men in the wholesale trade in Covent Garden had his warehouse jammed full of Christmas trees eight to sixteen feet high, which he was trying to sell on commission for these same producers.

They were all he could get, but nobody would buy them. For the simple reason that they are too big for the modern house which has sprung up in hundreds of thousands, and for the small flats where most people live nowadays. And

THAT SHOP WINDOW £1,000

SHOPKEEPERS in towns and v lages all over the land are makin a determined bid for the mammo must-be-won prize of £1,000 cash in t JOHN BULL Window Display Contest.

Those who have not yet entered ha still just time if they send for full d tails to JOHN BULL Window Display Co test, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 display outfit will reach them by retur Those who have received outfits, b have not yet made their display, shou do so *at once*.

Shoppers also are reminded of th opportunity. There is a must-be-w prize of £100 for the best advertisi slogan of not more than twelve wor relating to a product featured in a w dow display with a JOHN BULL Windo Display Contest sign between October and December 31. Entry Forms can obtained at the shops where you this sign.

A selection of the slogans is publish each week, the senders receiving each. Here are the slogans for week:—

COLGATE DENTAL PRODUCTS: *"Use C gates and laugh."—Mr. H. S. Hall, Gotham Street, Leicester.*

ZEBO: *"Zebo the 'grate' idea."—M G. E. Gilder, 160, High Street, Qua Bank, Staffs.*

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A

They're just R·I·G·H·T for me!

When a man says that you know he smokes

PICCADILLY
Junior SIZE – SENIOR QUALITY
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
Packets of 10 for 4D
P.J.78

B

BROOKE BOND DIVIDEND

7D ¼lb TEA 7D ¼lb

is good tea and returns a 'divi' of

2/10 in the £

Also includes a novel money-saving scheme, providing 5% interest on your 'divi' savings

Ask your dealer about it!

C

POLISH THEM DAILY

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear . . .
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them Daily with
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
and notice the difference
C.B.C.12

D

TOP MILL
MENTHOL SNUFF

There's a pleasant punch in every pinch of Top Mill Menthol Snuff. And it's good for a cold. Try it!

J & H WILSON LTD. SHEFFIELD

E

SATISFIED! YOU'VE SAID IT!

BOLENIUM

BOLENIUM BILL

Bolenium Overalls are worn by the man who knows Strongest where the strain comes All seams double sewn with 16 Boot Thread Unique Non-slip Brace Buckle.

you can't buy better overalls!

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER,
or write for name of nearest stockist
BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. I) Upton Pk., E 13

F

NEVER FAILS

Coughs and colds are always vanquished by Galloway's Cough Syrup. It never fails to give complete and speedy recovery.

GALLOWAY'S *Cough Syrup*

Sold by all Chemists and Stores
1/3 and 2/6 per Bottle
P. H. Galloway, Ltd.,
Qualified Chemists,
London, S.E.17.

G

GREY GOING GOING G——!

Greyness disappears when Deckers Bay Rum gets to its invigorating, colour-restoring work. It's quite the finest tonic for the hair—try it and see.

DECKERS
Hair Darkening
BAY RUM
Double Size 3/-
Sold by Hairdressers and Stores.

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Coupons for Section 5

Other Free £20 Contests on pages 27, 29, 31 and 33

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DEPRIVED—

not of Parents
but of their love

WHEN LOVE GOES, and neglect, ill-treatment take its place—then for a little child it is the end of the world. The N.S.P.C.C. exists to prevent the sufferings of children. 109,471 were helped last year.

N·S·P·C·C

PLEASE HELP WITH A CHRISTMAS GIFT

to Hon. Treas., Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or Director, Wm. J. Elliott, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT

CATARRH CLEARED IN 5 SECONDS.

18 OUT OF 20 CASES BENEFITED.

The remarkable efficiency of McCLURE BRAND EPHEDRINE NASAL CATARRH SPECIFIC is mainly due to the fact that the Manufacturers have made very patient research into the efficiency of "EPHEDRINE" as extracted from the many herbs and plants from which this alkaloid can be obtained. Although this article has for a long time been recommended for various remedies it was discovered that the "Ephedrine" which is an alkaloidal active principle obtained from the Chinese plant "Ma Huang" had a far greater value than "Ephedrine" isolated from other plants in many discontiguous parts of the world.

Results have shown that when "Ma Huang Ephedrine" was used in the form of a Nasal Douche, for Asthma and Hay Fever, 18 out of 20 cases benefited.

The chief success of this preparation, however, has been as a NASAL ASTRINGENT IN THE TREATMENT OF NASAL CATARRH and Colds in the nose. The Specific causes an instant shrinkage of the engorged nasal mucous membrane. Contraction begins from a few seconds to one minute. The turbinate contracts through its whole length and the mucosa becomes so thin and flat that it fits the bone as a glove fits the finger.

There is no irritation of the mucous membrane which might cause sneezing or discomfort.

The above facts show that McCLURE BRAND "EPHEDRINE" NASAL CATARRH SPECIFIC is eminently suitable for use as a Nasal Astringent for Colds in the nose and head, and give reasons for our claiming that this preparation arrests the complaint in a few seconds.

No proprietary rights are claimed for this preparation.
1/6 from all Chemists and Druggists.

McCLURE, YOUNG & CO., LTD., *Manufacturing Chemists,* **90, Standard Road, London, N.W.10.**

For your protection insist upon McClure Brand—the genuine "Ma Huang" Ephedrine.

GY 40-231 JOHN KNIGHT LTD

Second Chance in the Q CAMP

HE is a real human "misfit" . . . this untidy, ill-dressed youth, leaning awkwardly against the rail of the police court dock and listening half in fright and half in defiance to the charge against him—that of "breaking and entering."

The evidence shows he forced a door of an unoccupied house and settled himself down for a night before a fire he had kindled in the dusty grate of a back room. But a constable on patrol discovered him, and here he is a self-confessed guilty "prisoner" before the magistrate.

The lad's father called to the witness-box can speak no good word for his son.

"I can do nothing with him. He just does not fit in with the rest of the family. He is nearly eighteen years old now, and although several jobs have been found for him, he won't stay in work. All he seems to want to do is to wander. His mother and I can't make him out at all."

A tough problem this "misfit" for parents, magistrate, and probation officer. He is a minor delinquent, drifting along a course which may ultimately land him in prison for a sharp term of punishment.

VISIT any busy court of summary jurisdiction in London or one of the great industrial cities, and almost every day the case like this will be troubling the Bench.

Indeed, more than 10,000 such young offenders between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two pass through the courts of England and Wales every year. And the majority could be reformed into decent, normal members of the community if only they were given the chance.

Now an organised attempt is to be made to reshape these misfits into good fits. It has begun with the establishment of the first "Q" Camp, one of the most interesting social experiments for many a year.

"Q" was the designation of the mystery ships during the war, but there is no mystery about the "Q" of this new movement. The name has been chosen because "Q" stands for Quest—to find a better way of life. "Q" also stands for Query—the best way to do it.

Already the site of "Q" Camp No. 1 has been allotted. It is in one of the Home Counties—fifteen acres of land within easy reach of London.

Here, if all goes well, a settlement will be opened early next summer,

The youth who is always getting into trouble with the law will find new hope, and a new chance of becoming a normal social being, if the organised attempt to form Q Camps is successful

much of the early construction work being carried out by "misfits" who will be the first residents.

Fifty of them will occupy the camp when it is completed. They will form a commonwealth of their own. They will govern themselves under the supervision of the members of the permanent staff. They will make a code of rules for routine and recreation.

There will be discipline, of course, but largely self-imposed and agreed discipline. In no sense will there be restriction of liberty. Any one of the camp dwellers will be free to leave if he should wish. There will be off duty hours with freedom to visit the nearest town.

All the "Questers" will receive a spending money allowance with which to purchase small personal requirements or pay for a little outside entertainment.

Their ages will range from seventeen to twenty-five, and a selection committee will judge applications on the basis that no one will be admitted into the "Q" Camp who is not likely to become a useful and happy citizen as a result of the training.

Candidates will be those who have exhibited "behaviour difficulties," lads who through bad luck, unhappy homes, evil environment, or lack of opportunity, have become problems to themselves and to the community.

There are young men who are a source of perplexity to welfare workers and magistrates, because although they are of apparently good material, they fail to do well.

PERHAPS they have found jobs, but, though of normal intelligence, have failed to keep them. They may have deteriorated through long unemployment, or, having broken the law, cannot recover from the effects of their misconduct.

Yet they are not irreclaimable. Many may be merely healthily adventurous, and have found insufficient outlet for their spirited search for excitement, except in law breaking.

The distinctly criminal type, and those with abnormal anti-social tendencies, will not be admitted.

That is to say, the camps will [be] recruited from youths who have gone wrong in some minor respect. The lad who can plead with truth "I have had no chance at home" will receive real consideration as a candidate.

Members of the camps, when the scheme is in full operation, will be recommended for admission by magistrates, probation officers, and various social organisations.

Time spent in the camps will naturally vary according to requirements. A few may remain for only a short term of months, but the usual period of reformation will be two years.

WHEN the "Questers" leave, opportunities for work will be found for them. Some will return to approved industrial occupations, and others set up in agriculture or poultry farming.

A close co-operation with medical psychologists is to be maintained, so that diagnosis and advice will be available for those who require specialised psychological treatment.

In the "Q" Camp the curriculum will include general cultural activities, drama, debates, singing, handicrafts, vegetable and flower growing, poultry and goat keeping.

Everything about the prospective training has been designed to make members more fit physically and mentally—in short, to remodel the human "misfit."

The staff will consist of a chief, directors of education, handicrafts, and horticulture, a master tailor, a master carpenter, and other skilled tradesmen as requirements demand. Indeed, it is the hope no resident will be sent out from the camp unfitted for a job, and a good job at that.

It is estimated that the cost of each member will be about 30s. a week, and endeavours are now being made to raise an endowment of £10,000, at least £2,000 being needed to complete the establishment of the first camp.

"The Greatest of These——"

OUR CRACKER

EVERY cracker has folded in its heart a motto, and the motto in our Christmas cracker is: "Good will towards men."

We should like all our readers who have not yet sent a Christmas subscription to our Fund to help us to make a giant Christmas cracker. Their subscriptions will form the central body. Presents of toys and clothing will make the pretty covering.

When we pull our cracker and scatter the contents among the poorest families of unemployed ex-Service men, there will be a shout of joy from the children, which invariably accompanies the "going off" of a cracker. And the sparks of light which fly around will represent sparks from the fire of love in our readers' hearts which prompted them to help to make our cracker.

Most crackers have a picture, or flower, or ornament stuck on, and the picture on our cracker is, of course, that of the Divine Child pleading for "Good Will Towards Men."

Crackers make a grand decoration for the Christmas dinner table, and our crackers will make the best decoration of all in the eyes of hungry families by placing on the table a good Christmas dinner.

Donations towards our Christmas Cracker should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's issue will be sent on application.

MOTHER'S ANXIETY

BILLY . . . . . AGED 5
Gained only ¾ lb. IN 6 MONTHS
COLDS LAST WINTER 5

EDDIE . . . . . AGED 5
Gained nearly 3½ lbs. IN 6 MONTHS
COLDS LAST WINTER . . NONE

"I give my boy the same care. Why isn't he as strong as my cousin's child?"

"I go through tortures sometimes, worrying about my son. I feed him well, yet he isn't as strong as other boys. He gets so many more colds than my cousin's boy. She gives her child Scotts Brand Emulsion in winter, but I give my son a body-building tonic, too. What can be wrong with him?" asks a Kingston mother.

Every year thousands of mothers fight such losing battles for their children! And it all goes back to the fact that children's digestions are not strong enough to deal with certain foods.

A famous Medical Research Body working in London has recently confirmed that it makes a big difference to a child's health which kind of winter tonic mothers choose. "Because" states this Research Body, "only when liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil can children digest the oil properly and so get the body-building elements they need."

★ ★ ★

"Am I buying a tonic my child can digest properly?" Mothers should turn over in their minds this vital question before they make their choice. Because this is what makes one child stronger than another. In Scotts Brand Emulsion every drop of oil is so finely divided that it forms a white digestible cream. 30 minutes after a spoonful has been swallowed every drop has gone to strengthen your child's chest. At once he begins to build up a resistance to winter illness such as he has never had before.

★ ★ ★

The surprising difference a digestible winter tonic makes to a child is clearly shown in the letter printed below: "Often I secretly cried over our youngest boy—he was so weak and pale and caught things easily. At last my husband suggested Scotts. In 3 weeks we noticed a difference. Now he's nine, never away from school and captain of his football team," writes a Westcliff mother.

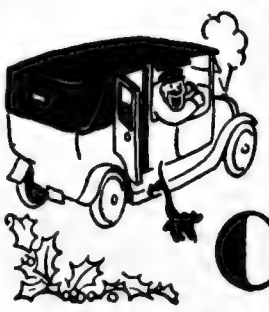
★ ★ ★

Get Scotts Brand Emulsion from your chemist to-day and see the difference it makes to *your* child.

4 PERFECT PRESENTS

A FLAT FIFTY BOX (at 2/5) *as illustrated*
A FLAT FIFTY TIN (at 2/6)
A BOX OF A HUNDRED (at 4/8)
A TIN OF A HUNDRED (at 4/10)

All are supplied in Christmas cartons



—for they all say

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN

C.C.4918

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 39.

£100 in CASH PRIZES FREE

5 separate prizes of £20 each must be won in a free and fascinating competition of "Fitting Phrases," which appear on pages 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35. All you have to do is to place seven phrases which, in your opinion, most aptly apply to each of the seven advertisements on each page. No entrance fee! And two free coupons on each page to enable you to enter—10 in all! Coupons from all pages can be enclosed in same envelope (sealed 1½d. stamp).

Turn to Pages 27, 29, 31, 33 & 35

and Send in Your Entries Now!

£100 CASH for NOTHING!

Here's a profitable Xmas Pastime!

5 cheques of £20 each must be won in a unique "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION on pages 27, 29, 31, 33 & 35. All prizes must be won.

There's NO Entrance Fee — 2 Free Entry Coupons appear on each of the five pages. Send in your entries NOW.

Turn to PAGES 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35.

Accept this FREE OFFER of a TRIAL BOTTLE of WINCARNIS!

If you are run down or suffer from nerves, if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, write Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 5R, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, enclosing 4½d. in Stamps to cover postage, etc., and a free sample of Wincarnis will be sent to you by return. Give Wincarnis a trial by accepting this generous Sample Offer.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 2/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

10 agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

BETS BY POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10 UP TO ANY AMOUNT

WINNINGS BY RETURN

OVER THE STICKS

THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS AS FOR THE FLAT

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

FOOTBALL

ODDS UP TO 10,000 to 1

'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS

include ALL the matches in

SIX LEAGUES

ALL THE CERTS

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED

Please send your Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....
J.B.21/12/35

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE L^TD 227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

My Grouse Against the B.B.C.

MY chief grouse against the B.B.C. is that it doesn't transmit until ten in the morning. A concert of marches would brighten the mornings of those of us who must rise early.

Again, breakfast, usually a depressing affair in British homes, could be enlivened by tuneful music, and so quieten bickering and nagging tongues.

The weather report, too, would be appreciated in the early morning, and not when most of us know what the weather is like. Britain is busy at work when the B.B.C. starts transmitting—which is just laziness.—*Mrs. W., Cardiff.*

Not All Invalids

I am a radio fan and Sunday is my only free day. The B.B.C. treats me as if I were a savage in need of conversion. On a recent Sunday there were no fewer than four services in one programme.

When I want to hear a religious service I am sincere enough to go to church and get down on my knees. That is the right way. The radio is the lazy way — and the wrong way. I realise that these services are appreciated by invalids and hospital inmates—but then we are not all invalids. The B.B.C. treats us as if we were, and that's my grouse.—*D. C., Darlington.*

Can't Be Done

My only complaint is that the B.B.C. gives me nothing to grouse about! We are every one of us critical—we criticise everything and everybody—good and evil.

The wonderfulness of the activities of the B.B.C., its versatility, its educational value, its variety, and its never-ceasing appeal to reality makes one gasp with amazement at the magnitude of the work done day by day.

I have tried to conjure up a grouse, but I can't—and that's my only grouse! —*E. E., Penygraig.*

Greatly Relieved

The "timing" of the short mid-week service could be greatly improved. Fixed as a rule at ten o'clock, it is too late for the elderly people who form the majority of its listeners. They usually retire before then.

I think the value of this broadcast would be immensely enhanced if the B.B.C. could fix it at eight p.m.

It lasts only half an hour, and we could listen, gain strength, and retire to our slumbers greatly relieved.—*G. W., Ogmore Vale.*

Later, Please

My grouse is about the inconvenience caused to me, as mother, by the broadcasting of the children's hour at the normal tea-time for my family.

To alter the time of this meal would involve the extra labour of re-laying the table for the elder members of my household, while as it is, the youngsters being loath to miss the delights of an hour especially devoted to their interests, I am compelled to see their attentions equally divided between the meal and the radio—a very unsatisfactory state of affairs.

A slightly later children's hour would, I believe, be welcomed by many.—"*Norah,*" *Parkstone.*

Can't Blot It Out!

I am a schoolgirl who has to do about three hours' homework each night, and the earliest that I can start is six o'clock.

Sure enough, as soon as I open my books father decides that he wants to hear the news. After that, my brother finds a talk on pigs or a variety show. Right through the evening members of the family find that their favourite items are on, and I wander from room to room, trying to blot out the sound of wireless and concentrate.

Can you wonder that my grouse against the B.B.C. is the fact that it even exists? —"*Schoolgirl,*" *Truro.*

Too Modest

It doesn't take its listeners sufficiently into its confidence. Somewhere in the background of Britain there may be a young man who would create a furore as the perfect comedian; there may be a girl whose voice would be a Godsend to the microphone.

But they may be too modest to seek an audition. Encouragement should be given by way of financial reward to anyone who brings to light a broadcast "find."

Newspaper editors pay for that which is useful to them, so why can't the B.B.C. do likewise?—*Mrs. M., Newcastle.*

Savours of Irony

Having lost three dear relatives in Flanders, I am opposed to the broadcasting of military tattoos.

Listeners once displayed their definitely anti-war sentiments when the B.B.C. allowed an ex-enemy airman to broadcast his air raid reminiscences, yet how can the broadcast of a tattoo be described as other than a boost to militarism.

I contend that it savours of irony for the B.B.C. to use the boon of wireless to convey the eloquent tragedy of the service at the Cenotaph, and yet broadcast mock warfare as entertainment.—*H. R., Brighton.*

Light Fare

As a chef, I know I'd lose my job if I insisted on my patrons having Christmas pudding all the year round. For, despite its many ingredients and goodness—the best too often is more than the average-tempered person will stand.

Suet pudding has its devotees; the light éclair its worshippers. But the mixture is not conducive to healthy digestion.

Give us light fare. For those who want more solid stuff, there is ample to be had gratis at the ordinary public library. —"*Chef,*" *Middlesbrough.*

They're fine, but—

I like the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, b enough's as good as a feast! I thi twelve months is quite long enough f listeners to hear the same old tu played in the same old way.

A year's contract for a B.B.C. Dan Band would be an encouragement to n bands, for at the end of the contract t band would be famous.

Through consequent competition, think the standard of dance music wou be raised.—*N. J., Mon.*

No Rebate

I consider a more equitable form licence payment should have been ins tuted. My friend, for using his seve valve super-receiver, pays the sa amount as I do for my humble two-valv He can get any British station and lit ally hundreds of foreigners; some ti ago the B.B.C. put my most popul station—the Midland Regional—beyo the capacity of my set.

My set was consequently out of act for four months, yet I cannot claim a rebate. A grievance to many is the unf licensing system.—*R. A., Jarrow.*

Give Them a Clap

I think it is deplorable the way in whi broadcast plays are put over.

One listens to some fine plays, but th are always allowed to fizzle out, as were, and one is left to conclude dur the dreadful silence following the pl that it has finished.

Why doesn't the B.B.C. have a sma audience in the studio and when the pl has finished give the performers a cla It would be a far more satisfactory en ing.—*V. S., Erdington.*

Pleasure Denied

Owing to unemployment I am n enabled to take advantage of the mor ing talks arranged by the B.B.C., and am particularly interested in those rel ing to domestic problems.

Unfortunately, most business gi often inexperienced in housekeeping, a denied the pleasure of hearing them.

Surely it is to these, our housewives the future, that such talks would pro of the greatest value, and I certain think they should be included in th evening programme.—*B. L., Rochdale.*

Immediate Action

That the B.B.C., with all its influen in official circles, has not yet forced Pa liament to tackle the vexed question "static" interference.

That wireless reception in whole di tricts should be rendered practically i possible by the use of unsilenced electric machinery is a state of affairs calling f urgent investigation.

Such interference with an essenti National service amounts to nothing le than an intolerable public nuisance, a the B.B.C., as custodian of listener rights, should vigorously protest and ur the authorities to immediate action. —"*Victim,*" *Birmingham.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Lincoln Long-Shots

AS there is no racing until Boxing Day I am omitting the Code key this week. Ten days' break in the National Hunt fixture list is hard luck on the jockeys and numerous racecourse groundsmen. Some of them may wonder who is going to pay for the Christmas turkey.

Executives have found, however, that round about the Festive Season most men have other and more important things to occupy their attention and gate receipts flop accordingly.

The respite will afford amateur handicappers plenty of time in which to try to bring the Lincolnshire Handicap horses together.

The entry of 80 as against 71 last year is highly satisfactory. Sea Bequest, third in the Guineas and sixth in the Derby, gives a touch of class to the nominations and is an automatic top-weight.

I expect the Cambridgeshire winner, Commander III, who is being kept fit by a course of hurdling, will be well up in the handicap. So will Pricket, Shining Tor and The Blue Boy.

The ante-post list men have already issued their sheets, but nothing under 33 to 1 would tempt me at the moment. If "thirty-threes" is obtainable, long-shot backers might invest a little on Sea Bequest, Law Court and Boethius.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Monday, December 23.

The Right To Die—For or Against

I ADORE YOU

Just three little words. But they mean so much to the girl who longs for a happy marriage. A man is always drawn by the magnetic effect of a soft, clear, white skin and delicate complexion. Now, any woman can quickly double her attractiveness by simply using the new Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy). In only 7 days a most amazing change takes place. Enlarged pores, blackheads and lines of fatigue disappear as the skin texture is refined and whitened. Try this simple recipe yourself if you want the adoring love of a man.

PARK DRIVE

THE LEADING *QUALITY* 4d. CIGARETTE

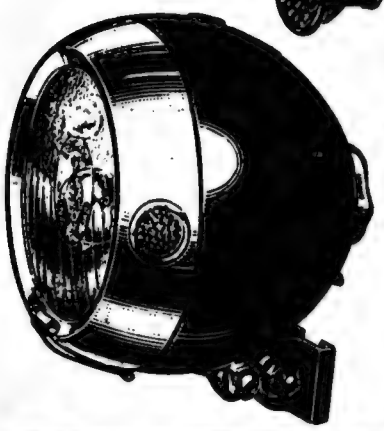
The Finest Light-Givers for Cycles

Just consider all the many advantages of having one of these splendid sets on your bicycle!

Acknowledged the Finest Light-givers made for Cycles, they throw a brilliant beam far ahead and give ample light even at walking pace. Robust, reliable, require no attention, instantly ready for use.

New and Improved Headlamps! Improved 6-volt Dynamos on all models! New combined Electric Tail Lamp and Approved Reflector! Ask your local Cycle Dealer for a demonstration.

Fully described in an entirely new, attractive colour brochure, dealing with the whole fine Lucas range of Cycle Accessories. **SEND NOW FOR YOUR FREE COPY!** (Post Free from Dept. 53).



PRICES 16/6 TO 25/-

LUCAS "KING OF THE ROAD" CYCLE DYNAMO SETS

JOSEPH LUCAS LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM 19.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—TESTED JB In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

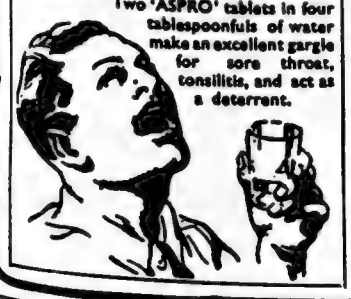
STAMP OUT THAT COLD NOW!

Stamp out a cold at its inception and you save all sorts of complications. You save laying up—you avoid pain—you save money and you stave off despondency. How to stamp out a cold, then, is the vital question. The answer is definitely 'ASPRO.' Hundreds of thousands of your fellow-citizens have proved the 'ASPRO' claim to stop a cold or 'flu attack in one night. So why take risks? Purchase a packet of 'ASPRO' now. Two 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink, in most cases, will eliminate the cold. Repeat the treatment if necessary. You will find the coughing, sneezing and sniffling will disappear. The feverishness will be immediately reduced and the attendant weak feeling and "confused-ness" will go. So stop that cold with 'ASPRO'—Remember

'ASPRO' WILL DO IT IN ONE NIGHT

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.



COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Hill-Side Stores,
Lawford, Essex.

Dear Sir,
I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.

Yours gratefully,
C. MAYTHORN.

COLDS GO LIKE MAGIC

Tyrie Bleachfield,
Kirkcaldy, Fife.

Dear Sirs,
For some time past I have been troubled with severe colds in the head, but after taking a friend's advice to try 'ASPRO' all headaches and the cold went like magic. Two 'ASPRO' tablets are worth more than a dozen ordinary aspirins.

I am, Yours faithfully,
J. BURKE (Mr.).

TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO Limited,
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

INCREASE IN "JOHN BULL'S" PRIZES FOR "APT-WORDS"

HOW TO WIN AN "APT-WORDS" FORTUNE

THANKS to the holidays, you have a few extra days to enter for the splendid "Over Christmas" Offer of ***Apt-words*** cash prizes announced to-day. With the increased total of £1,000 waiting to be won, here is a wonderful opportunity to start the New Year with a bumper JOHN BULL cheque.

A fortune of £500 will be the reward of this Contest's First Prize-winner, and simply by using a little care and common-sense you can readily evolve a bright ***Apt-word*** worthy of this fine award. Provided your entry has reached Long Acre by Saturday, January 4, there is no reason why JOHN BULL'S golden Joy Wire should not name you winner of that wonderful Prize for just building one word and adding two more.

Following this splendid First Prize is a fine array of 3,622 other awards, any of which can be yours in exchange for two simple words. And be sure to make some ***Bullets*** as well as ***Apt-words*** over Christmas, for a cash success in both Contests announced this week will entitle you to a share of a £100 Bonus as offered above.

With such a glittering array of JOHN BULL cash prizes before you, settle down to your efforts with determination and you may well make 1936 your Golden Year.

BUILD AN "EXAMPLE"—ADD TWO WORDS

BEGIN with the fascinating work of building, from the *Example* squares provided, the words you consider most likely to lend themselves to apt and original comments. Go through the squares carefully and write down each completed *Example* that strikes you as promising.

Next, against each chosen *Example* write down all the ideas it suggests and then condense each of these comments into the TWO words required to form an *Apt-word*. Each word, remember, must commence with a letter found in the *Example* word you have constructed. Where and in which order, is immaterial—but remember that your two words must not begin with the same letter unless it figures twice in your *Example* word. Hyphened words in common usage permitted. Coined words barred.

Here are three specimen efforts, based on the word FATHER as *Example*:

Father—Reinstated, Fridays!
Father—"Excuses" Ruin.
Father—"Return" Frightens.

For further guidance, study the varied styles of the winning *Apt-words* in the result which appears on this page.

All of these winners, you will notice, consist of simple, everyday words; in fact, you could have made any one of them yourself. Realising that, go ahead with your prize *Apt-words* and win yourself a happy and prosperous New Year!

ENTRY FEE

1 COUPON .....P.O. 6d.
2 COUPONS .....P.O. 1s. 0d.
3 COUPONS .....P.O. 1s. 6d.
4 COUPONS .....P.O. 2s. 0d.

Postal Order must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of Postal Order.

F	A	T		E	R		
B	O						
	A	T	E	S			
S	I	N		I	N	G	
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W	E			I	N	G	
	I	C	K				
	I	S	T	R	E	S	S
H	O		E	S			

FREE HELP WITH YOUR "APT-WORDS."

FREE AID in winning ***Apt-words*** prizes is to be found in the ***Apt-words Gazette*** which is posted each Wednesday to applicants who apply on Coupon which appears in the ***Bullets*** announcement on page 3 of cover.

ADDRESS ENTRY to
JOHN BULL "Apt-Words" No. 6,
57, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.
(Comp.)

RESULT OF "APT-WORDS" COMPETITION No. 3

FIRST PRIZE, £1,500.

A. KEIGHLEY, 19, Glenhurst Road, Didsbury, Manchester.
"Example"—*Wife*
"Apt-word"—FRAGILE "WEIGHT-LIFTER."

SECOND PRIZE, £150:

B. ILLINGWORTH, 21, Durning Road, Liverpool.
"Example"—*Books*
"Apt-word"—Bankrupt's "Shockers."

THIRD PRIZE, £100:

J. FOSTER, 6, Nab Wood Grove, Shipley, Yorks.
"Example"—*Hopeless*
"Apt-word"—Straits, "Streets."

FOURTH PRIZE £25:

A. ROBERTS, "Cysgodfa," Ruthin, N. Wales.
"Example"—*Wise*
"Apt-word"—Scrap "*Irony*"!

20 WINNERS OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. F. BELL, 577, Felixstowe Road, Ipswich.
Wife—Ever "Fetching."
M. BERRIMAN, 42, Farfield Road, Huddersfield.
Soaring—Rival, "Crow."
D. BOWDEN, 76, Addington Mansions, Highbury Grange, London, N.
Cooks—Oust Coquettes.
Mrs. L. M. BRACE, 18, Penrhyn Avenue, Walthamstow, E.
Price—Cards—"Poker"!
Mrs. C. CAMPBELL, Haredon, Bois Avenue, Chesham Bois.
Soaring—Society "Groveller."
Mrs. W. COOPER, Danescourt, Grennell Road, Sutton, Surrey.
Hound—Noble—Despicable.
B. DUNN, 1, Pretyman Drive, Llandarcy, Neath.
Sharing—Ample, Simple.
M. A. DUVAL, Heston Cottage, North Hyde Lane, Heston.
Wise—Waits—"Showerproofs"!
A. J. EDWARDS, 14, Bridge Street, High Wycombe.
Price—"Clasp"? Priceless.
Miss B. FISHER, 4, Mount View Avenue, Sheffield.
Wise—Speeding "Weeding."
Mrs. I. M. FRANKLIN, "Bassett-Down," Moredon Road, Swindon.
Books—Outweigh Outlay.
Mrs. HEMPSTED, 71, York Road, Southend.
Wife—"Improver"—"Finisher."
G. F. HIGGINSON, "Dovercourt," London Road, Sevenoaks.
Playing—"Portia," League.
W. HOLLAND, 2, Love Lane, Pinner.
Hopeless—"Plank," Swank!
W. MAGEE, 53, Linwood Road, Birkenhead.
Homeless—Matrimonial Expert!
Mrs. E. M. PAGE, Lichfield Road, Birmingham.
Books—"Steady" "Balance."
Mrs. R. RICHARDS, 3, Middledale Road, Carlton, Notts.
Cooks—Slimming—"Kitchenettes."
G. SAMWAYS, 21, Portland Place, Brighton.
Price—Raise Profiteering's!
Mrs. A. WATTS, 202, Moulsham Street, Chelmsford.
Wife—"Extravagant"—Words!
F. J. WOODWARD, 131, The Gorseway, Romford.
Wife—*Wink* Eraser.

A list of the remaining 500 winners of 5s. each can be inspected at the Offices of "John Bull."

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD

APT-WORDS No. 6 CLOSING SAT., JANUARY 4.
I agree to all rules of this competition announced on "Bullets" page and enclose
P.O. No..... Signed .....
Address.....
J.B.....

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P.O. No..... Signed .....
Address.....
J.B.....

THE KID

WALTER (Hereford). — "To succeed, a baker must be a man of originality." Bringing out something new, in fact.

A. C. T. (Bootle).—"It's tough when you have to pay 1s. 6d. a lb. for meat." It's tougher when you pay 9d.

E. T. (Leicester).—"Nobody has ever been able to learn to read German from school books." What about the Germans?

H. P. (Sudbury).—"There is nothing whatever to prevent an angler enjoying some fishing at any time of the year." Except the fish.

S. D. (Cheam). — "He fell right through a greenhouse but nobody expressed regret, as he is most unpopular." Even the glass couldn't bear him.

O. G. (Harrogate).—"Does your wife agree with the recipes in well-known cookery books?" She tries to, but they don't agree with us.

L. N. (Bristol).—"There is no reason why the whole country side should not look like a garden." But surely there aren't enough weeds for that!

WORRIED (London, W.). —"As a struggling concert manager, my eternal nightmare is employees demanding back money." And audiences money back?

MRS. N. (Ancoats).—"I am going to have a Christmas party at which many of the oldest customs will be kept up." And your neighbours as well, very likely.

LILY (Mortlake).—"I am giving my boy a nice big scarf for Christmas this year." Which will be useful to hide the tie he will probably receive from his aunt.

N. E. W. (Cromer).—"My son didn't know what to say when I questioned him about wearing my ties without my permission." You tied him up in knots.

T. P. (Aberdeen).—"Our foreman came up smiling after he had fallen into a vat of whisky." He was in the best of spirits!

BETTY (Gloucester).—"What is better than drawing an excited breath as the office sweep results go up?" Drawing a winning ticket.

ARCHIE (Chelsea).—"What do you think she did when I told her I would give half my life for a kiss?" Offered you two.

A. T. (Warwick).—"Some moderns miss every chance that comes their way." And some modern misses take everything they can get.

TOM B. (Greenwich).—"I was quite mad when I found my wife had taken my greenhouse oil-lamp to warm the kitchen." You felt quite hot about it.

A. F. (Crewe).—"Christmas enables the worried business man to forget his work." Although even a railway magnate couldn't resist playing with his son's new toy train.

REVIEWER (London, W.).—"Can you suggest a form of relaxation which, whilst giving a fair amount of exercise, will not take me away from my work." Try skipping.

INDIGNANT (Guildford).—"I ordered grilled sausages at a big West End restaurant and how long do you think they were?" We've no idea. We've never measured a sausage.

INDIGNANT (Burnley).—"Just for putting an ordinary frame round a picture the man charged me thirty shillings, and I think that it was a fraud." It was a frame-up.

E. T. (Plymouth).—"If anyone wants to be sure of getting the right pitch, he should take a tuning fork." This advice would prove particularly helpful to tar-buyers.

PHILOSOPHER (Woodbridge).—"To see a man with his hands continually in his pocket always makes me think that he is lacking something." Quite—brace buttons!

RAMBLER (Ipswich).—"During a rainstorm I had to seek shelter for the night, and was obliged to share a room with a man who had the loudest snore I ever heard. It was awful." However, you had to put up with it.

The Editor Laughs Last

Housewife (Dumfries).—"There has been a surprising drop in the price of clothes-pulleys." They have a habit of coming down when you least expect it.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature — you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

L. P. T. (Hampstead).—"The fun started when my wife made some fringe to put on the rug." That usually ends it.

C. K. (Bickley).—"I am all my time replacing the china my wife breaks." So she has nearly broken you.

JIM (Bootle).—"I've often wondered what is the world's coolest game." Football—judging by the number of its fans.

DESIGNER (London, W.C.).—"My dance dresses dip delightfully downwards." But will your customers' husbands?

M. N. A. (Devonport).—"If my son's report is a bad one this term, I am going to give him a holiday." You mean you'll take him away?

T. H. W. (Runcorn).—"The case which contained all the band parts was left in the train, so we all had to play by memory." You remembered the forgotten music.

R. E. S. (Dunloch).—"I think the pyjamas should have lasted longer, as they're not things worn every day." No, every night.

ART (Fleet Street).—"To feel absolutely sure he has it right, the wise Press photographer snaps every picture twice." Two negatives make him positive.

MANUFACTURER (Leeds).—"I used to handle all kinds of riding equipment, but now concentrate purely on horse-bridles." Your business has gone all to bits, then?

COMEDIAN (Ripon).—"I am engaged for a pantomime in which I shall use some of the most original gags of the year." Which year?

S. S. (Leominster).—"When we reached the top of the hill he waxed lyrical about the panorama before us, but I couldn't agree with him." Nevertheless your view was the same.

FARMER (Maidenhead).—"I have erected a barbed-wire fence to remind my neighbour that I object to his cattle wandering on to my land." And a very pointed reminder, too.

F. L. (Slough).—"At a bridge match one of the competitors flung down his cards in a rage and left the room." As he passed through the door he made a grand slam that will long be recalled in the annals of the game.

Y. B. (Newcastle).—"What is a shop called where tripe is sold?"—Bookseller.

J. S. (Monkseaton).—"It is obvious which is the worst-hit section of the community." Yes—boxers.

A. K. (Barnstaple).—"To run a Rugby club successfully requires a great deal of tact." Skilful handling, too.

P. F. C. (Harlesden) — "Most people do not visit their dentist often enough, I'm afraid." So, apparently, are they.

HUBBY (Wantage).—"Where does all the fat meat go that is found on the week-end joint?" On father's plate.

PAWNBROKER (Glasgow). — "Experience is required to price expensive pearl necklaces." You have to know the ropes, of course.

JOHN (Hammersmith). — "Although I have a rule against visiting the theatre, I do relax it now and again." You let yourself go occasionally!

V. G. (Stafford).—"I find that by making my own wireless batteries it works out very much cheaper." You're cutting your current expenses.

INDIGNANT (Gloucester).—"What would you think of a gardener's conduct when he goes off at night leaving the greenhouse furnaces unstoked?" Pretty cool.

D. L. (Leeds).—"My wife badly wants to buy me a new car as a Christmas present this year." But can you afford it?

OBSERVER (Canterbury).—"Bell-ringers are men of stamina and determination." They certainly hold on to the end.

S. H. (Lowestoft).—"The doctor's bill gave me such a surprise that I'll give him one sooner or later." By paying him?

M. H. (Portsmouth).—"How can one expect girls to type properly with cold feet?" We don't. Ours use their fingers.

BOOKWORM (Caterham).—"The first chapter of the book was so dull that I fell asleep." We hope you enjoyed the rest.

BOXER (Wapping).—"Because my nose is rather on the large side all my opponents make it their mark." It's your sore point.

P. T. (Eastbourne).—"It's a case of 'Fine turkey, this rabbit!' for us this Christmas." Never mind—your digestion will benefit, so will your *Bullets*, and that £500 First Prize on page 43 may well be the result.

PROPRIETOR (Essex).—"People call my local publication a paradoxical paper." Because it is always earliest with the latest?

H. S. (North Shields).—"My wife forbids me to spend more than five shillings a week. What do you think of that?" It's the limit.

BRIDGE FAN (Bournemouth).—"When I play cards I always put my heart into it." But not, we hope, when it should be a spade or club.

G. J. (Guildford).—"Why does the youngster of to-day appear to have no desire to reach the top of the tree?" Probably because the best presents are lower down.

N. L. (Halifax).—"I ask you, what is worse than finding the scuttle empty when you go to put some coal on the fire?" Finding the cellar empty when you go to put some coal into the scuttle.

N. J. (Hunstanton).—My daughter is very slow at picking up shorthand, because she won't practise it. What can I do about it?" Dictate to her what she should do.

B.Sc. (Leeds).—"When I saw the report which was to go before the committee I found that my details of the analysis of the specimens of drinking water had been heavily condensed." Boiled down, in fact.

D. S. (Blackfriars).—"A woman shoplifter admitted in court that she was arrested through pausing to admire the backs of a policeman's boots!" She took to his heels instead of taking to her own!

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Have YOU entered the FITTING PHRASES Free COMPETITION!

£100 Cash Must be Won!

THIS week 5 separate cheques of £20 each are offered in a unique advertisement competition appearing on pages 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35. Don't on any account miss it. All prizes must be won. No entrance fee! Why not make it a fireside game and get all the family to help?

Full details are given on each page, for which separate prizes are being awarded. Note closing date January 4, 1936. Send in your entries NOW or as early as possible. They should be completed in ink and sent in a sealed envelope (1½d. stamp).

TURN NOW TO Pages 27, 29, 31, 33 & 35.

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

Skin Soft as Velvet

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema, and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world . . ."
(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.2.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. A. WOOD, 13, Elliot Rd., Prince Rock, Plymouth, writes: I had two operations on the Stomach for **Ulcers**. After leaving Hospital the **Ulcers** returned, and for six years I have not known what it was to enjoy a meal and every two to four hours I was in terrible pain. I determined to give Vitadatio a trial and from the very first day I am eating and thoroughly enjoy three good meals a day, and have not had the **slightest pain or discomfort.**"

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier—has a remarkable record of successes in cases of **Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints.** If you are a sufferer **do not despair, Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours.**

There is no substitute for Vitadatio.

Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., Chemists and Stores, **3/-** and **5/-** per bottle (per post **6d.** extra in U.K.). Bottles for export **21/-** post free from—**VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.**

HIS WIFE'S LOST A SHILLING— *and* HE'S MADE £1,000!

ONE recent Thursday the wife of a worker in a Northamptonshire boot factory made a bet with her husband. "You won't win a 'Target' before Christmas," she assured him, "and much less a Turkey. I'll have a shilling on that!"

Well, she has lost her shilling. But it was not a "Target" or Turkey prize which came next day for her husband, Mr. A. H. Hillier, 137, Highfield Road, Rushden. It was the famous *Bullets* Joy Wire, telling him he had won the First Prize of £500 in our 1,007th Contest!

What is more—in fact, much more—a second telegram arrived two hours later, announcing that the Bonus Coupon he had enclosed with his entry had entitled him to an extra £500. So now, thanks to Mrs. Hillier and JOHN BULL, this keen "Bulleteer" has 20,001 shillings to add to his modest savings.

* * *

"It's exactly three years since I sent my first entry," Mr. Hillier told me, writes a *Bullets* representative who called with congratulations. "I've won over 70 prizes since I started, and there have been many 'Targets' amongst them. Each has meant a good deal to me, for it showed that I was tackling *Examples* in the right way, if not in the perfect way.

"What a knock it will be for the doubters," he added, "to know that a Third Prize and a First have gone to the same man within six weeks!"

Mrs. Hillier smiled as her husband told me about that bet of hers. Perhaps she thought that when £25 and a Radio came for her husband in Competition No. 1,001 she could feel certain that he would win nothing more for some time. But she forgot, or, perhaps, never knew, that one success in *Bullets* does not in any way affect a competitor's opportunity of scoring again.

"I've been very doubtful about his succeeding," she admitted, "but my daughters always backed him up about *Bullets*."

As I chatted with Mr. Hillier, however, it was clear enough that his enthusiasm for *Bullets* would have survived unlimited opposition. He knew that he could make up a big prize *Bullet* one day and he had that faith in the judges at Long Acre which carries a competitor so far towards the prize-list.

We went on to talk over the construction of the *Bullet* to which he owes the four-figure fortune which he has so wisely tucked away in the bank.

Pondering over one particular *Example* I learnt, its words FOR CHRISTMAS made him think of the avalanche of envelopes which sweeps down on the Post Office just before Christmas Day.

That made a start with his effort, but "Much Correspondence" was no more than a start. From those words to the polished and neatly balanced *Bullet* which won, was a step he cannot clearly remember.

But the result of it, the seasonable model of good phrasing. FOR CHRISTMAS — MUCH CORRESPONDENCE — ONE "MESSAGE," seems to show that he had made good use of the regular weekly training in constructing neat efforts with which *Bullets Bulletin* had provided him.

* * *

Telegram Day is coming soon for the sender of the best *Bullet* in the Competition awaiting your attention to-day and that winner may well be *you*. Heading a fine list of big cash prizes, Hampers, Bonuses and other attractions, there is a £600 cheque to make your New Year golden.

The best time to get busy on your *Bullets* is now!

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 1,008

First Prize: £500 and Xmas Hamper:

H. CLINGAN, Ballycue, Geashill, Offaly, Ireland.
Example: THE BUILDER
Bullet: WHO *Shouldn't* "HAMMER," TEACHER.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Hamper:

A. W. KELCHER, 290, Wheeler Street, Birmingham.
Example: Unemployed's Wife
Bullet: Wanting 'Separation" *Work* Brings.

THIRD PRIZE £25 and Hamper:

R. N. DAVIES, The Cottage, Whitton Court, near Ludlow, Salop.
Example: Needs
Bullet: Careful Handling, Carefree "Handful."

10 OF £5 and Turkey:

F. G. BROWNE, 58 Lyndhurst Road, Exmouth, Devon.
How To Play—Or Pay, Britain's Way.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. W. BURNS, 64, Huddersfield Road, Birstall, Yorks.
Auntie's Shopping—"Mountain"—Uncle's Hat, "Peak."

O. CUNLIFFE, 107, Victoria Road, Alexandra Park, London, N.
Father Christmas—Stores Employing—Scores "Dismissing."

H. B. EVANS, 20, Bishops Road, London, W.
The Builder—Sent Son "With Design."

Mrs. A. L. GEORGE, 3, Gosfield Road, Epsom, Next Day—So-*so*, All Of Us!

A. HARGREAVES, 66, Hilden Street, Haulgh, Bolton.
Slow Progress—Once He's Caught Eight-thirty!

J. LINDSAY, 86, West King Street, Helensburgh.
Father Christmas—"Liberal Party" *Retaining* Power.

A. McDONALD, 10, Eardisley Road, Liverpool.
Smoke Of Battle—Forgotten—"Jerry's Fag" Remembered.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

S. P. PERCIVALL 58a, East Street, Barking, Essex.
Wine Of Success—Awaited—Postponing "Wedding Feast."

A. H. C. PYNE, 12, Station Parade, Willesden Green, N.W.
Alone In The World—Their First "Crowded" Moment.

10 OF £2 10s. and Fowl:

J. T. COLE, 25, Royal Avenue, Lowestoft.
Alone In The World—Italy Through Make Orphans!

A. W. ELLIS, The Studio, Saltmouth.
Wine Of Success—"W[illegible] *Releases* The "Cork."

W. GRIFFITHS, 34, Caellepa, Barmor, N. Wales.
Our Turkey—A "Grandfather"—From Auntie

W. S. JONES, 46, Chepstow Road, Newport, Mon.
Wine Of Success—Bitter Life's "Closing" time."

Mrs. D. LUPTON, 8, Cold Well Square, Crossgates, Leeds.
He's A Postman, So—Government's Generous With Trust!

E. MONTFORD, 3, Gloucester Road, Tottenham, London, N.
Complaining — Roman "Wife" — "Sheep" Aggressive."

E. E. VELLAM 9, Fairfield Terrace, Newton Abbot, Devon.
Slow Progress—"Evening [illegible]"—"Good-night *Miss*!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. F. VINCENT, 14, Dunrobin Road, London, S.E.
Merry—German Boys—Playing *Curtains*!

E. W. WALLIS, 25, Bootham Crescent, York.
Auntie's Shopping—Easy—Buying Holly Fir[illegible]

L. L. WARRY, Fountain Grave, St. Sampson's, Guernsey, C.I.
In Between—Praising Model Husband, Boy modelling!

A list of 100 Xmas Hampers, 100 Turkey, 100 Surrey Fowl, 200 Cake and 1,000 Surprise Parcel winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE FAMILY INSURANCE

—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

Registration Forms—Sign for Safety

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 21/12/35

CUT HERE

***Post* this Form to**
"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 21/12/35

'JOHN BULL' RINGS IN THE NEW YEAR WITH A PEAL OF BIG 'BULLETS' ATTRACTIONS

FINE CASH PLUS GIFT PENSION FIRST PRIZE FOR A FEW WORDS

£600

PLUS DAILY GIFT AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!

£50 PLUS BONUS · £40 PLUS BONUS · £30 PLUS BONUS · £20 PLUS BONUS · £15 PLUS BONUS · £10 PLUS BONUS · £9 PLUS BONUS

£8 PLUS BONUS · £7 PLUS BONUS · £6 PLUS BONUS · £5 PLUS BONUS · 10 of £2.10s EACH PLUS BONUS

EACH ABOVE PRIZE ACCOMPANIED BY DAILY GIFT THROUGHOUT 1936

100 BIG 10-in-1 NEW YEAR HAMPERS

TO ARRIVE EARLY IN 1936

£100 BONUS AWARD

—Equally divided between competitors who secure two "Target" Prizes in this "Bullets" Competition No. 1,012.

500 Complete collections of "Bullets" Bulletin for 1935 in neat Binding Cover.

500 of 2/6 • 8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

1012

BIG CHEQUES, HAMPERS AND BONUSES IN LAST GREAT OFFER OF 1935!

TO-DAY sees the launching of JOHN BULL's final big prize-list of 1935, with a novel array of attractions to wind up our record *Bullets* year.

For the sender of the best *Bullet*, a grand New Year surprise is in store—a telegram from Long Acre giving the thrilling news of a £600 First Prize success. And with that splendid sum goes the privilege of a *daily* gift from JOHN BULL for life.

A splendid range of 21 New Year cheques supports the 2-in-1 First Prize and each of them is accompanied by a daily gift throughout the coming year. Nor is that all. No fewer than 100 giant New Year Hampers, of the quality for which JOHN BULL has long been famous, must also be won; then come valuable collections of *Bullets Bulletin*, Postal Orders galore and an encouraging Bonus of £100 to be shared by entrants securing two "Target" awards in this Contest.

THE WAY TO WIN

THERE are two chief ways of making *Bullets*. One is to decide on some definite subject for an effort and the other is to build your efforts upon ideas suggested by the *Examples* themselves.

Assuming that you prefer the latter and most popular method, consider in turn the possibilities of each of the *Examples* and jot down the rough ideas they bring to your mind. Remember—the *Bullet* you add to the *Example* used *must* consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words only.

Suppose, for instance, you had jotted down against the *Example* KILLING TRADE, the idea *Mussolini, By Going to War*. A few minutes' further thought and you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, KILLING "TRADE—MUSSOLINI—BY "EXPORTING" SOLDIERS.

Before starting on your own *Bullets*, study the winning efforts on the previous page. Then begin on your own efforts and provided your entry is in by Saturday, January 4, there is no reason why one of them should not carry you to a First Prize success.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WISER WORLD
EMPTY WORDS
WHAT IT MEANS
STRENGTH
IN THE BOSS'S CHAIR
ONLY A BABY
DEVOTED TO HER
SONNY EXPECTS
FATE WAS AGAINST HIM AND
TERRIBLE MISTAKE
HARMONY
AT HIS JOB
WHATEVER THE WEATHER
BLACK RECORD
CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES
ROUND AT THE PUB
GALLANT LEADER
FIGHTING CRIMINALS
SHOWS HE'S RELIABLE
WRONG TREATMENT
ON, ON, ON
HOW HE STANDS
ILL WIND
KILLING TRADE
THE CLOCK
IN A DAZE
DAMPED HER ARDOUR
FRANKLY
MADE FATHER
PICKED OUT
SHIPS
EVER SINCE CHRISTMAS
TAXPAYERS GRUMBLE, BUT
TO END IT ALL
IN THE YEAR'S BATTLE
REFORMED MAN

READ THESE RULES COVERING "BULLETS" AND "APT-WORDS."

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL (if for "Bullets") or Odhams Press Ltd. (if for "Apt-words") and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with these competitions must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

The original cheque for £1,000 received by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,007 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. J. Dartnell, Station Road, Rushden.

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with TWO BIG PRIZE COMPETITIONS! USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" "APT-WORDS"

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Apt-words Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan. 4.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

"BULLETS" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan. 4.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan 4.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan. 4.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan. 4.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively, will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,012 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,012, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

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